

The TATLER

and

BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXV. No. 2405

London
July 30, 1947



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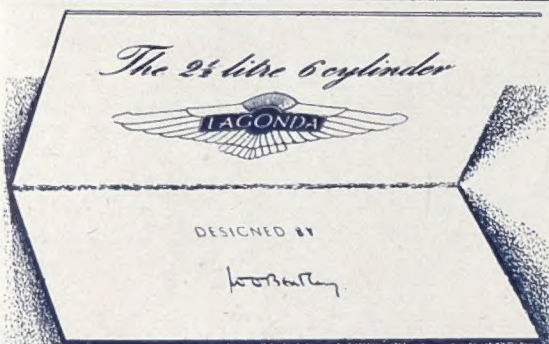
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THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER
LONDON
JULY 30, 1947

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THE TATLER and BYSTANDER



Pearl Freeman

MADAME RENÉ MASSIGLI

Mme Massigli, the attractive wife of M. René Massigli who has been French Ambassador in London since September, 1944, has now recovered from her recent illness. She is busy supervising the interior decorations of the new French Embassy, which is to be the Duke of Marlborough's house in Kensington Palace Gardens. M. and Mme Massigli have a small daughter, Jacqueline, aged eight



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Sean Fielding

A Most Grave Business

"Augustus was sensible that mankind is governed by names: nor was he deceived in his expectation, that the senate and people would submit to slavery provided they were respectfully assured that they still enjoyed their ancient freedom. A feeble senate and enervated people cheerfully acquiesced in the pleasing illusion."

Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Vol. I. Ch. III. A.D. 98-180.

READERS of this journal do not ordinarily buy it with a view to gaining enlightenment as to the political scene, nor do they expect (or wish) to find in its pages a weekly projection of the economic facts of life. This is well understood by one and all.

Yet there comes a time when the spirit of the first great editors of THE TATLER, the masters Steele and Addison, jog persistently and hard at the elbow and will allow no peace until their voices are answered—and answered in print in what they (may) still regard as their own "intelligence to the public."

Wherefore I see it as a duty to drop urbanity for a while and state what I believe needs to be stated: Good reader, the freedom of the Press of your country is in danger.

Some have thought this to be the fact for a very long time past. Others have refused to believe that any Government retaining the support of the peoples of these islands, whatever its political colour, would of a set purpose curb so profound and fundamental a liberty.

There is no essential difference between the freedom to print and the freedom to speak. The law recognizes this; for if I say that a man is a blackguard, and it be not true, then I have slandered him. If I print in THE TATLER that he is a blackguard, and it be not true, then I have libelled him. The law penalizes the one equally with the other, for the offences are of like gravity.

It follows then that Governmental interference with the freedom of the Press is on a par with restriction upon the right to speak and, indeed, automatically achieves that odious end.

Time for Action

JUDGE then how grave are the words here used: Good reader, the freedom of the Press of your country is in danger.

It could be a matter for debate whether this situation has arisen by design, by accident or through ignorance; but arisen it has and fought it must be with fervour and resolution.

Now, the first deep and forbidding rumblings of this most serious storm were heard and noted some months back when a fuel crisis of the first magnitude (not, in my opinion, the sole fault of the maligned Minister of Fuel and Power, Mr. E. Shinwell) led the Government to suspend publication of period-

icals as a means of conserving electricity and saving coal. It was done with great speed, speed sufficient to mask and blur the voices of the editors and other responsible persons who protested, vainly, against it.

At that point the true and selfless spirit that animates the great bulk of men in this line of business demonstrated itself. The suspended periodicals were given, wherever possible, space in the great national daily newspapers to present the guts of their journals and keep their names going. This was a fine action for which no credit was sought by those most closely concerned and for which far too little was given. It was in the true tradition of the public Press of this land; it was in harmony with the conduct of many soldier-newspaper-men in the second World War who (within my own knowledge) gave up their more-than-deserved leave while in far-off places to help produce Army newspapers and magazines; it was, on a larger scale, equivalent to the action of a sick officer who I observed in Raschid Street, Baghdad, sniffing the air like a first-rate gun-dog, finally pointing his nose toward the murky print shop wherein was produced the local daily paper and entering to state that he was a leader writer in civil life and was there anything he could do to help, please? This good troupier sweated it out in a temperature of 110 degrees (shade) for a couple of days before malaria and an almost wild-eyed (but still courteous) orderly got him back to hospital.

Three Arguments

IN due course, the suspended periodicals were allowed to resume publication and in the steadily mounting tempo of a national crisis, the noise of that first storm died away. A liberty taken away was given back and, said a few who still gave thought to the matter, perhaps the suspensions were justified anyhow. This was not at all the case within the ranks of those whose livelihood and profession is the dissemination of news and views. Some claimed that the Press, as such, was an anathema to our rulers and that another onslaught would come in chosen time. Others thought that the Government had been badly advised, had failed to realize the deadly harm of their actions and would henceforth be as great guardians of the liberty to print as the next man.

With these latter persons, I sided. I could not believe that there was evil intent among these men. I could believe them foolish, misguided and badly-briefed. But were they knaves, these who preached a logical and understandable democracy and who had grown lean and hard in the bitter years of Opposition while their political opponents grew plump and lazy? Their whole fight had

rested upon the right to speak—and thus print—freely, and in them, they claimed with some justice, reposed the spirit of the Tolpuddle Martyrs. How then could one suppose that the Press would be singled out for maltreatment? It did not, I thought, make any sense at all.

Or did it?

The Government has now ordered a cut in newsprint imports which will save us four million dollars in the next six months—less than half of one per cent of our total trade deficit for that period. And the other cuts? Friends, at this writing, there are no other cuts. Equality of sacrifice is not demanded. To meet this country's grim and forbidding adverse balance and convince our creditors that we mean business, a violent blow is struck at a fundamental freedom. It is the most grossly stupid act that this Government has yet committed and, on the evidence, they must expect that many will state: Their ends are pernicious.

Still I cannot subscribe to this violent viewpoint. But in the name of heaven, will they *not* see reason? At its lowest they are doing their cause harm, and one would have supposed self-preservation to be of some concern to them.

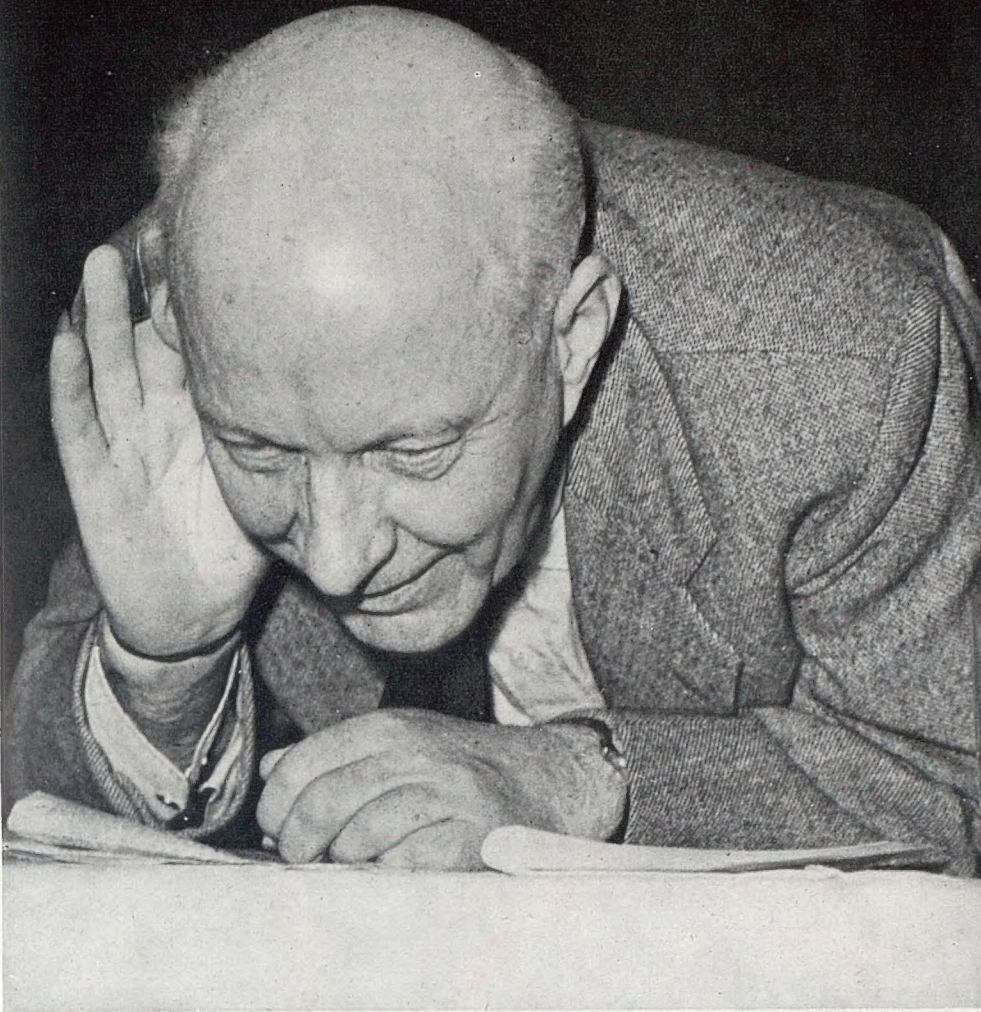
* * *

HAVING written thus upon these matters it was of much interest to be present on Monday last when three brother editors, Frank Owen (*Daily Mail*), Percy Cudlipp (*Daily Herald*) and Collin Brooks (*Truth*) debated, under the chairmanship of Emanuel Shinwell—"Editorial Opinion." Inevitably the newsprint cuts became the main theme. Cudlipp, who spoke first, regretted the cuts and claimed that it was ridiculous, nay, monstrous, to aver that the Government intended thus deliberately to tamper with the freedom of the Press. He jibed with rapier wit and most clever verse (of which, more) at his professional competitors.

I took Brooks to believe that the Government had the most sinister intentions. His speech was magnificently put over.

Owen, self-billed "Sudeten Welshman," thumped and pounded at the stupid policy which imposed the cuts, but concluded that there was more in it of lunacy than of larceny—if I may so paraphrase him.

It was all very good stuff, although I doubt whether Shinwell, as a result, is likely to urge repeal upon his colleagues. Climbing down is not pleasant for any set of politicians; it is positively agonizing for our current rulers who see weakness in reflection and virtue only in arrogant stubbornness—on this issue, at all events.



NO DILEMMA FOR THE DOCTOR

"During the first quarter of the financial year a revenue surplus of £234,000,000 has been achieved over expenditure . . . it is a very happy state of affairs."—Dr. Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Stafford Cripps, President of the Board of Trade, estimates that by slashing newsprint imports he will save in twelve months between £2,000,000—£3,000,000 worth of dollars. "If we had made a mistake in imposing the cuts we should not have the slightest hesitation in admitting it"

HERE the scene must be lightened, I think. With permission, I quote Percy Cudlipp's jingles. Readers will take them, as they came, with pleasure and lively interest. But for the newsprint cuts they may easily have been accorded a wider circulation than I can give them:

THE "DAILY MAIL"

I've always liked the dear old *Daily Mail*,
And of its stunts you'll find me no belittler.
It's called upon its readers to say "Hail!"
To sweet peas, comic hats, brown bread and Hitler.

As each stunt flops th' admiring reader finds
His vision with another stunt confronted:
Stunt after stunt to feed two million minds—
And many of those minds already stunted.

What does it matter if a stunt should fail?
We won't allow these little things to baulk us!
Such is the fighting faith behind the *Mail*—
If we can't be right, at least we can be raucous.

The slogan now is: Parties must unite!
Here's a fine theme to wring the public withers!
Drop Socialism! Forward to the light!
Give us a country fit for Waldron Smithers!

And of this policy, with verve and "nous,"
Owen each day distills the dubious essence.
I liked him as the Baby of the House,
But he has not improved in adolescence.

I wish him joy of all his knavish tricks,
The editorial chair that he's adorning.
But—just what are the fellow's politics?
Good Liberal? Good Conservative?
Good Morning!

"NEWS OF THE WORLD"

News of the World! Seven million strong
And more, thy certified net sale!
Our nation's doom could not be long
Delayed, if ever thou should'st fail

At thine appointed Sabbath task
Of purifying Britain's morals
By giving us the news we ask
About obscure domestic quarrels.

Let other planets, as they're hurled
Along their far celestial courses,
Choose for themselves. In this *our* world
We like to read about divorces

And virgins who succumb to gold
Without the slightest *arrière pensée*;
Our hearts leap up when we behold
Headlines like "Stole his Friend's Fiancée."

Our dissolution would, perhaps,
Proceed considerably faster
If we ignored the vicar's lapse,
The errors of the brash scoutmaster.

News of the World! Of late thy pages
Have shown more tendency to mix,
With tales of sin and of its wages
The light relief of politics.

Beware, when seeking to amuse us
With matters of a brighter hue,
Lest, by diverting, thou confuse us:
To us and thine own self be true.

Politics we do not disdain—
On all such things be thou our guide.
But, for the love of Mike, remain
The Hansard of the Seamy Side.

George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

IN a comfortable residence in wooded Wimbledon, near busy traffic highways, lives the first representative Great Britain has received in 400 years from the Pope, His Holiness Pius XII, Sovereign Pontiff of the Papal State. Titular Archbishop of Cius (pronounced Sigh-us), the Most Rev. William Godfrey who has been Apostolic Delegate in this country, Malta and Gibraltar since 1938, is a Minister without diplomatic status or privilege.

ALTHOUGH the British Government decided in 1916 to appoint an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Pope, it formally consented to permit the Holy Father to send an ecclesiastical official to carry out certain ecclesiastical duties in London, but not strictly at the Court of St. James's—in 1938. The last one had been here in the time of Henry VIII. But a century and a half ago, at the Congress of Vienna, when the Papal States were restored, it was decided to honour the Pope's envoys abroad by making the Papal Nuncio the *doyen* of a country's foreign diplomatic corps. Later, a few Protestant Governments, Great Britain and the United States among them, chose not to follow the custom.

WHAT are the main tasks in London of the Apostolic Delegate? Using cypher code and sealed bags taken by couriers, the Pope struggled before 1939 to avert war. The notes were delivered to the Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, by Archbishop Godfrey. These dramatic meetings unfortunately bore little fruit.

During the Hitler war many German and Italian missionaries were imprisoned in the British Empire. In cases in which it was felt by the Holy See that they were "reliable" men, he appealed through the London envoy for the release of the missionaries. Many missionaries were freed. The Apostolic Delegate visited the camps for German and Italian prisoners in this country, in the Isle of Man. Similarly, he caused notes and food for British captives in Singapore and other places occupied by the Japanese to be forwarded by diplomatic courier to Rome, for safe transmission to the camps.

LIVERPUOLIAN, aged fifty-eight, Godfrey was educated in Ushaw College, Durham, and the Gregorian University, Rome. In 1919 he returned, three years after ordination, to become Professor of Classical Studies at Ushaw, then of Philosophy, and later of Dogmatic Theology. In 1930 he was elected Rector of the English Venerable College, Rome. In 1937 he visited London as Counsellor of the Papal Mission to the Coronation of King George VI, and discussed the appointment of an Apostolic Delegate. The British agreed.

Godfrey is of medium height and comfortable build. On the table in his reception room lies Cardinal Hinsley's scarlet biretta. The Archbishop's is of purple and moire silk. His robes are purple, the colour also of the skull cap. Signs of office? The pectoral cross, a gift from the late Pope, and the episcopal ring (on ceremonial occasions with an amethyst).



Howard Coster

His Grace, the Most Rev. William Godfrey, Apostolic Delegate in Great Britain

WHEN Godfrey's friend, the recently retired British Minister at the Vatican, Sir D'Arcy Osborne, sent him an invitation to the Neville Chamberlain function in Rome in January, 1939, the limerick was unfinished. Godfrey replied,

"It is undoubtedly the work of Pius
That I'm the Archbishop of Cius
I will come to the lunch
With the rest of the bunch,
It'll be good to have Neville right by us."

Godfrey smiles often, walks far.

Show Guide

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). From the Somerset Maugham short story. Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne.

Off the Record (Apollo). This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

A Sleeping Clergyman (Criterion). Robert Donat and Margaret Leighton in a revival of this unusual play by James Bridie.

Boys in Brown (Duchess). The great problem of which Borstal is the symbol sympathetically treated.

We Proudly Present (Duke of York's). Ivor Novello takes us backstage, and with gentle satire peels the guilt off the gingerbread, aided by Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrill, Mary Jerrold and Peter Graves.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

Edward, My Son (His Majesty's). Tragic comedy. Period 1919-1947. Play by Noel Langley and Robert Morley who acts brilliantly with fine support from Peggy Ashcroft.

Peace In Our Time (Lyric). Noel Coward's imaginative survey of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

Men Without Shadows and **The Respectable Prostitute** (Lyric, Hammersmith). Jean Paul Sartre's much-debated plays on the French Resistance and the U.S. colour bar.

Ever Since Paradise (New). J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but wise in understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

1066 And All That (Palace). Leslie Henson and Doris Hare gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

Noose (Saville). A covey of corner-boys, reformed and grown up into seasoned warriors, take a running jump at the Black Market.

Life With Father (Savoy). Leslie Banks as an explosive but lovable domestic tyrant, deftly controlled by Sophie Stewart.

Worm's Eye View (Whitehall). Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs are in this entertaining comedy about R.A.F. men who have billet trouble.

Deep Are the Roots (Wyndham's). Moving study of the U.S. colour problem, with Patrick Barr.

A Midsummer Night's Dream (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park). Produced by Robert Atkins with Mary Homer and Patricia Kneale.

With Music

Bless the Bride (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Annie, Get Your Gun (Coliseum). Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

Oklahoma! (Drury Lane). This American musical play has everything. It is tuneful, decorative. Moves with typical Transatlantic speed and smoothness. It also has an all-young and enthusiastic cast.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Here, There and Everywhere (Palladium). Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.

The Nightingale (Princes). Musical romance by Sax Rohmer and Kennedy Russell, with Mimi Benzell from U.S.A. and John Westbrook.



Bill (Raymond Westwell), as honest as his name, takes his duties as castle librarian more seriously than he does the spooks

At the

"I AM in no way 'psychic,'" wrote Kipling towards the end of his life. "I have seen too much of the evil and sorrow and wreck of good minds on the road to Endor to take one step along that perilous path." Yet some of his ghost stories haunt the memory. Seeing the dubious road from a safe distance, he was in a position to know that the most satisfactory kind of ghost must not satisfy, but astound, the reason, so entering the imagination as something strange, compelling—and inexplicable.

There is no evidence that Mr. Emyln Williams is any more "psychic" than was Kipling, and indeed his latest ghost story might be called *The Perilous Road to Endor: A Warning*, but he has the Welsh love of finding a form of words for everything and his way to the supernatural plane is up a ladder of argumentation.

For every why there must be a wherefore; and there are, I think, far too many wherefores. We are so intent on following the author up the ladder, finding a foothold on the



The Crucial Experiment, as the draper (Emlyn Williams) plays blind-man's-buff with spirits, is watched with very different feelings by the scientist (Leon Quartermaine), the young girl trembling for the safety of her guilty secret (Daphne Arthur), and three eager women (Françoise Rosay, Marjorie Rhodes and Gladys Henson)

Theatre

rungs of successive wherefores, that when we reach the top and meet the supernatural full face we seem to have lost the faculty of wonder. Our nerves may be thrilled, but our emotions have been left below.

IT is possible, of course, that Mr. Williams had no intention of creating a memorable ghost, and that he wanted to do no more than thrill our nerves; make our flesh creep. He must be allowed, in that case, to have achieved his "object all sublime," and that in spite of a complicated story which, even on the mundane plane, is compact of improbabilities.

There is, for instance, a dowager Countess straining every nerve in an ancient Welsh castle to bring her husband back from the dead. Why should her daughter by a former marriage tremble, not for her mother's reason, but lest her spiritualistic experiments should succeed? The reason is, as she tells her new lover, that she was for some years the mistress of her stepfather, and that when the rascal died he found breath to assert that she belonged to him for ever. That in itself is a fairly steep little story.

THEN there is the eminent scientist who is not only consumed with a curiosity to know what may be "beyond the bounds of ordinance," but is in love with the Countess. Again there is the central figure of a neat little comedy of fraudulent séances—a matter-of-fact North Country woman who takes her exposure with homely good humour. "I don't believe in ghosts, but then I don't like cigarettes. Is there any reason why I should not sell cigarettes to people who do like them?"

Last but not least, there is the medium, who eagerly seizes the chance to unmask himself and is then discovered by the eminent scientist

"Trespass" (The Globe)

to be no fake at all. He is possessed of occult powers which frighten him. All he wants from life is the capital to develop his draper's shop in Cardiff, but, alas, he is always running into tempters who have the money that he needs and are willing to part with it—on terms. So he is drawn on to his doom—a horrid doom.

MR. WILLIAMS manages all these complicated threads of narrative with immense theatrical skill. Amusing the neat comedy of fraudulent spiritualism may be, but it is in key with and an adroit preparation for the grim drama that follows when scientists, neurotics and medium have blundered across the line which separates the world of cause and effect from the apparently lawless unknown.

If the flesh does not creep it cannot be the fault of the stagecraft, which is impeccable throughout; it can only be because our emotions have been insufficiently engaged. But I wager that not one in ten of any audience will look on quite unmoved.

THE author plays the medium with the simplicity that conceals art. It is the only character on the stage which strikes us as being quite real, and Mr. Williams draws mild but genuine pathos from the idea of an insignificant little gas-bag suddenly filling with a wind from Hell.

Mme Françoise Rosay is the obsessed Countess, playing with ease a part well within her powers; Mr. Leon Quartermaine presents the foolishness of the scientist with an air of leisurely elegance; and there are particularly good performances by Miss Marjorie Rhodes, Miss Gladys Henson, and Miss Daphne Arthur.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Françoise Rosay as the Countess, chief backer of the expedition over the forbidden frontiers of life and death

Backstage with Beaumont Kent

HITHERTO Edward Percy, the playwright M.P., has been concerned mostly with thrillers but *My Wives and I* which Henry Sherek is presenting at the Strand tomorrow reveals him in a new vein of comedy. The Member for Ashford has recently been dividing his time between attendance at the House and the rehearsals of the play which Irene Hentschel is directing.

The comedy has a strong cast of eight women and three men. The principals among the former include Barbara Mullen (as a Scottish millionairess), Marie Lohr, Elizabeth Allan and Barbara Couper (as "a political figure") and the men are Wilfrid Hyde White (as an author), George Howe (as an archdeacon) and Jack Allen.

I HEAR that *The Blind Goddess*, the new play by Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., which Linnit and Dunfee are to produce in September, has as its chief dramatic sensation a scene in the Lord Chief Justice's court.

The play concerns a libel action brought by a powerful international financier against his male secretary and it involves big issues of war and politics. The play, which has not yet been cast, will be directed by Anthony Quayle.

It is some years since Sir Patrick has been represented in the theatre. He wrote his first play, *The River* in 1925 and quickly followed it with *Scotch Mist* but since *Slings and Arrows* in 1930 he has, dramatically speaking, been silent.

HAVING finished filming with Sonia Dresdel in *While I Live* at Elstree, John Warwick and his wife Mollie Raynor are flying, via America, to Australia on the way to New Zealand where, thanks to

the enterprise of Robert Kerridge, a multiple cinema owner, he is to inaugurate the revival of the living theatre in the Dominion where it has been practically non-existent for many years.

They begin at Auckland in the middle of September with a repertory including such successes as *The Guinea Pig*, *The Winslow Boy* and *Born Yesterday*. After six months they will move on to Dunedin, their place being filled at Auckland by another company from England. Later on, on the same plan, they will open theatres at Christchurch, Wellington and possibly other cities.

It sounds very interesting and Warwick, Australian born, and his wife who is a New Zealander, are enthusiastic about it. Warwick told me how keen they were "down under" on plays, though for many years New Zealanders have had to satisfy their liking mostly by means of an extensive amateur movement. Warwick began acting in Australia and came to England in 1935 devoting most of his time to films. He served throughout the war in the R.A.F. in India and Burma.

DOLORES GRAY is still apologizing to friends for her delay in acknowledging the congratulatory messages received after her triumphant first night with *Annie*, *Get Your Gun* at the Coliseum. To me she has written a charming note expressing her gratitude to "all you very gracious people."

It has been quite a task to write such a vast number of personal messages and she has been delayed by a recent battle with laryngitis which necessitated plenty of rest and treatment between shows. The strain proved so great that the doctor warned her "If you don't take a few matinees off your voice will

go altogether." At first she disregarded the advice knowing how much the show depended on her, but eventually she was forced to forgo two matinees. She said it was the biggest disappointment of her life after the unforgettable reception London gave her.

THE final production of 1947 at Stratford-on-Avon is the rarely played *Pericles* which Nugent Monck of the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich, will stage at the Memorial Theatre on August 16.

SLUMP or no slump, rain or sunshine, *Worm's Eye View*, now well into its second year at the Whitehall, is one of London's most persistent successes.

Ronald Shiner, its cheerful Cockney R.A.F. hero, is at present appearing in a forty-minute film which will show the strenuous kind of life he leads, acting in the theatre, milking cows and performing other chores on his Lingfield farm and rehearsing the touring company of the Delderfield comedy which has just set out, with Jack Stock in the leading part, for a twenty-five weeks' run in the provinces.

WITH the support of the Arts Council and the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust the medieval mystery play *Everyman* is to be presented, as part of the Edinburgh Festival, in the nave of the historic Dunfermline Abbey from September 1 to 13. The English translation will be that by Norman Ginsbury, based on the Hofmansthal version used by Reinhardt at Salzburg. John Hanau who was for many years associated with the Salzburg Festival will be the producer.



Joan Caulfield plays the title role in "Dear Ruth," which is adapted from the successful play of the same name. Her co-stars are William Holden and Edward Arnold

Not that the new films fall noticeably below the American average to which we are growing accustomed. At the Plaza, it is even quite easy to laugh at *Dear Ruth*. I didn't see the original stage play, but it must obviously have been one of those cosily hilarious family drawing-room comedies, a sort of transatlantic *Quiet Weekend*.

As the fourteen-year-old daughter who signs love letters to an unknown soldier in her elder sister's name, agreements to donate blood in her parents', and petitions to Congress in her own, Mona Freeman is a good deal less obnoxious than most of the bobby-soxers, junior misses or teen-age daughters who seem to be the new form of female menace to the American way of home life. Edward Arnold and Mary Philips are skilled enough to make us laugh at the harassed parents' discomfiture even while we may wince at the staginess of their wisecracks. Joan Caulfield is pleasantly pretty as the embarrassed elder sister; and William Holden appropriately exuberant as the soldier—who of course turns up on leave. But not for years have I seen a play filmed with so little effort to translate theatre into cinema. Half the film is over before we move from the single drawing-room set. As in the very early talkie period, camera and characters feel so hemmed in that, if we do for once follow a character's exit, we quite expect to find ourselves backstage in the wings.

THE very modest little second feature at the Plaza, *Fear in the Night*, dares to show a faint flicker of individuality. The hero dreams that he has killed somebody, and next morning he finds in his pocket incriminating evidence from the scene of the murder.

This nightmare situation is worked out with nice consistency, though the drabness of the production suggests that Maxwell Shane—who both wrote and directed the film—though given a comparatively free hand (rare enough gift in Hollywood) was allowed a very restricted bankroll. The result is a crude little melodrama of no significance, but with enough guts and suspense to make anybody who happens to see the beginning likely to stay for the dénouement.

No picture starring Rita Hayworth could, I fancy, be altogether dreary. Technicolor, too, becomes her vastly. So *Down to Earth*, showing at

At The Pictures

Twenty-five Years of Progress

the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion, is relieved by moments of pleasure and short spurts of hope. The very notion of the radiant Miss Hayworth as Terpsichore, descending from Parnassus to take a firm hand in correcting the slanderous misrepresentation of her own character being prepared for a Broadway musical, inspires hope. Miss Hayworth's surprisingly delicate sense of comedy in the early scenes of outraged indignation among her sister goddesses suggests that, given material, she would enchantingly have fulfilled the hope.

Unhappily it is short-lived. The artistic acrobatics involved in keeping one foot on earth and one in the clouds exercise a fascination for film producers which is almost always fatal. *A Matter of Life and Death* did this kind of thing rather better and may perhaps be the authority for belief in air transport to and from the Upmost World. But we follow with a bang when poor Terpsichore makes her descent to earth under the protection of an Air Force blue uniformed Edward Everett Horton and his black-coated boss. The latter is played by that excellent actor Roland Culver, as a combined guide, department store manager, agent for Celestial Airlines and gentle Hollywood Jehovah, from whose English lips short A's fall as flat as from Claude Rains's.

HOPE flickers again when Terpsichore tells the Broadway actor-producer (Larry Parks) just how vulgar, cheap and inaccurate his version of Greek mythology will be. But it was far too much to hope that we might be going to see the honoured sport of debunking the ancients reversed to show Parnassus debunking Broadway. The film gets bogged between its two worlds, while the audience is left to entertain itself by trying to decide which is the drearier and more tasteless: the solemn, classical, "highbrow" flop tried out under Terpsichore's expert advice, or Mr. Parks's rowdy, untuneful, popular success; and whether the unquestionably ravishing sight of Miss Hayworth in auburn Greek hair-do's and royal blue Greek draperies (however transparent) was worth piling all this pretentious poppycock on to the basic formula for backstage musicals which Hollywood followed before Rene Clair, Lubitsch and Mamoulian discovered new ones, and with a few distinguished exceptions has gone on repeating ever since.

By comparison, Flaherty's twenty-five years old documentary, *Nanook of the North*, and the nine-year-old French boarding-school mystery, *Les Disparus de St. Agil*, seem as fresh as the spring.

Les Disparus de St. Agil, now at Studio One, barely managed to get on to an English screen in 1939, before being swept away by the war. Today it is quite as good as new—or better. To insular English taste, French boarding-schools—on the screen at least—have a faintly absurd flavour: curtained cubicles for small boys, with an unfortunate master also condemned to sleep in the dormitory.

Something more than the coincidence of scene—a quality of lighting, a slant in the approach, recalls the semi-surrealist *Zéro de Conduite*. But the atmosphere at St. Agil is superficially, at least, more wholesome. Three self-styled "dare-devils" who form themselves into a secret society are recognizably real schoolboys, even though they share a disconcerting French tendency to carry the innocent gravity of childhood longer than English schoolboys would dare to do.

When first one dare-devil, then a second, vanish from sight after tales of a mysterious man's appearance and disappearance through a wall, make-believe is suddenly plunged into reality. We begin to see the need for the opening disclaimer—rare in French films—announcing that St. Agil was not meant to represent any particular school but only the world of boyish imagination. The film's great feat is that it remains true to that world and never falters, although poised on the edge of fantasy. Even the actual crookery into which the adventures of imagination merge is perfectly appropriate.

PERSONALITY is the prerogative of the staff; and familiar types, at first sharply silhouetted from the boys' angle, are filled in by rich characterization. Erich von Stroheim brings a lifetime of film sense to the part of a misleadingly repellent English master, as well as his thickest German-American accent to the French language. Michel Simon, always good value, here achieves a portrait of rare subtlety and completeness, as the drunken drawing-master with his blurred memories of better things and tangible evidence of them in his collection of authentic Dürers.

Camerawork as immaculate as the acting has been lavished on this trifle. Looking at last through the skylight down on the crooks at work below, we get an illusion of depth as striking as the view from over a boy's shoulder, as it were, which the film so meticulously maintains. This is not one of the great French films, but its subtlety, sophistication and superb sureness of touch are refreshingly welcome virtues.

Nanook of the North, re-issued at the London Pavilion, is part of cinema history. Regrettably few ancient screen classics can stand revival except as curios; but Flaherty's documentary of Eskimo life is timeless.

The Eskimo family's daily business is to hunt, trap and fish for food, fuel and clothing to survive until hunting, fishing and trapping begin again tomorrow. Nothing outmoded about that. The charm of wild animals—seals, white foxes and the half-wild huskies—and the excitement of the hunt are perpetual; and in a struggle where the odds are so even between man's wits and very raw Nature there can be no room for sentimentality.

Flaherty's construction of a film without a story is as solid and resistant as *Nanook's* own igloo, with snow-slab stacked on snow-slab. As a picture of a primitive society it has probably not been surpassed. Even the photography, playing over vast sweeps of snow and ice, only very occasionally betrays the film's antiquity. An undistinguished but inoffensive commentary and musical accompaniment added to the original silent film need not disturb our profoundly restful pleasure in Flaherty's far-sighted grasp of cinema's essentials: wide scope and close intimacy, sincerity and movement.

THEY were the elements of all that was once best in the American cinema. French (and now, we hope, British) films have taken up where Hollywood left off, and are developing along new lines. But looking at these five films, the only sign of advance to be detected in the new American films is in the use of Technicolor. I suppose we mustn't complain if Hollywood, like the rest of the world, has let technical prowess outgrow mental development. F. B. L.

THE VILLAGE TYRANT

In the Swedish picture *Ride Tonight* at the Academy Cinema, Erik Berglund takes the part of the bailiff in charge of slave labour for the squire, and exemplifies the petty tyrant of all ages, the creature who to please his masters will execute any brutality on the unfortunates in his power. The film is an interesting historical study of conditions in Sweden in the mid-seventeenth century when the nobles, enriched by the spoils of the Thirty Years War, established a regime of oppression under the talented but capricious Queen Christina. In the peasant revolt which the film depicts Oscar Ljung takes the part of the hero, and Lars Hanson is the complaisant mayor of the village whose inhabitants are being so ruthlessly used





His Majesty inspecting a guard of honour of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders on arrival at Princes Street Station, Edinburgh



Her Majesty and Princess Margaret leaving a shop in George Street, where the Queen had ordered a costume length



H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Lt. Philip Mountbatten at the Usher Hall with the Lord and Lady Provost, Sir John and Miss Diana Falconer

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND IN PICTURES



Their Majesties leaving St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, after the installation of the Duke of Montrose and the Earl of Rosebery as Knights of the Thistle. Princess Margaret is behind the Queen and Lt. Philip Mountbatten on the steps behind the King



Princess Elizabeth leaving the Argyll Club of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief



The Royal Family and Lt. Mountbatten acknowledging the cheers of the crowd at Kelso, where they were received by the Duke of Buccleuch, who presented several local dignitaries to Their Majesties



Her Majesty, with Field-Marshal Lord Wavell and Lord Provost J. Ure Primrose, reviewing the Black Watch at Perth



Princess Elizabeth is assisted from her car by Lt. Mountbatten on arriving at the Caledonian Hotel to dine with the Duchess of Buccleuch before attending the Youth and Service Ball



A bouquet being presented to Her Royal Highness during the Ball, which was held at the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh



The Princess and Lt. Mountbatten opening the dancing at the Ball, which was in aid of the Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and Lt. Philip Mountbatten, went to Lord's to watch the first day of the Eton and Harrow match. Lord's this year returned to much of its pre-war glory. There were club tents, coaches and arbours. A large percentage of the men wore morning dress with top-hats and the women came out in their prettiest clothes.

The match was once again a draw, although on the first day, when Eton's wickets started toppling after Harrow had declared at 266 for five wickets, it looked as though Harrow might win. T. Hare and S. D. D. Sainsbury (who, I was told, only came into the Eton side a few days before the match as a bowler) stopped the nonsense, both making a century. C. W. R. Byass played an excellent innings, scoring 78 runs with some forceful and well-placed shots to help Eton bring their total up to 384 for 8, when they declared. Gurth Hoyer-Miller, of Harrow, who is an excellent all-round athlete, was a splendid captain, and placed his men well and declared in time to make the match interesting.

THERE was a tremendous crowd both days, and among those I met walking around were the Earl and Countess of Mansfield with their son; Lord and Lady Cromwell with their son and daughter; Lady Elizabeth Motion with her daughter, Joan, chatting to her nephew and niece, Robert and Rose Grimston, and Viscountess Davidson with her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, and their daughters, Jean Davidson and Anne Butterwick, the latter looking very attractive in pale blue and black.

Miss Sharman Douglas, who had been watching the cricket with the Royal party, was chatting to Major Norman Fraser. Baroness Ravensdale looked smart in brown; Mr. and Mrs. Brian Rootes were greeting many friends after their long stay in Switzerland. Mrs. Blackwell and her sons, John and Tom, were entertaining friends on their coach. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Grinling brought their two daughters, Susan and Camilla. The Misses Judy and Dinah Hogarth, attractive twins, looked smart in navy blue with white flower hats.

Others I saw at the match were the Earl and Countess of Athlone, Col. Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, Miss Rosa Pelly, Sir Thomas and Lady Cook and their daughters, Geraldine and Rosemary; Major and Mrs. Greville Stewart-Stevens, Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley and their son, John; Miss Jill Giles, Viscount Fitzalan of Derwent and his daughter, Alatheia; Miss Sally Hollebone, Lady Mary Crichton with her son and younger daughter; Mr. John Parshall, Mr. John Huntington-Whitely with his parents, Sir Maurice and Lady Margaret Huntington-Whitely; Mr. Michael Watson, very smart in a grey top-hat; Miss Sonia Graham-Hodgson, escorted by Mr. Philip Bryant; Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Williams with Mrs. Dewey, a charming American, who was on a visit from Washington, and for whom they had given a gay and amusing cocktail-party on the first day of the match at their flat in Regent's Park.

Also there were Miss Raine McCorquodale, Mr. David Jessel, Miss Elizabeth Fenwicke-Clennell, with her brother, Warren, and younger sister, Susan; Viscount Garnock, the Hon. Mrs. James Baird and her daughter, Lavinia; Miss Jill Sherston with her mother and her aunt, Mrs. Milburn; and Capt. Tony Weatherall, who told me he was off that night to rejoin his regiment, the 7th Hussars, in Germany after a wonderful month's leave.

WITH the Court in residence at Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh has naturally been the centre of activity in the social sphere. Without any lessening of the great affection and respect in which their Majesties the King and Queen are held north of the Tweed, the fact that the Royal visit followed so closely on the announcement of the engagement of Princess Elizabeth and Lt. Philip Mountbatten added a great deal to the enthusiasm of the always-loyal Scottish folk.

For the first time the Princess and Lt. Mountbatten, who have had to restrict their dancing to private parties, could partner each other in public; first at the Youth and Service Ball in aid of the National Association of Girls' and Mixed Clubs, and secondly, at the very gay and more private Highland Brigade Ball. Before the first ball the Princess and her fiancé dined with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Lord and Lady Elphinstone and a large party at the Caledonian Hotel.

Others who brought parties to the ball included the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, Lord Glentanar with his daughter, Jean, who is a great friend of the two Princesses; the Countess of Elgin, the Earl of Selkirk, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Ellesmere, Lady Ruth Balfour, Harriet Lady Findlay, Lady Vivien Younger, Sir John Clerk, Lady Agnew (whose husband was in command of H.M.S. Vanguard), the Hon. David Balfour, Mrs. Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and Lt.-Col. Gordon Ramsay.

DESPITE the rain which caused the Presentation Garden Party at Holyrood to be held indoors and threatened early a cancellation of the bigger garden-party on the following day, both parties were a great success. The Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chamberlain, assisted by his Comptroller, tall Sir Terence Nugent, led His Majesty and Princess Elizabeth through the crowded guests in the garden, while Lord Airliie, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, wearing his kilt as a true Scot, escorted Her Majesty and Princess Margaret, who were meeting many old friends. Among others at the many functions during this crowded Royal visit were the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, the Earl and Countess of Elgin, the Earl of Galloway, the Earl and Countess of Haddington, the Earl of Home, Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat, Lord John Hope, Sir Thomas and Lady Innes of Learney, Lady Munro, the Earl of Mar and Kellie, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Earl of Minto, the Earl of Stair and, of course, Sir John Falconer, the Lord Provost, and his vivacious daughter, Diana, who is Lady Provost.

"DANCING on the roof-tops" sounds unusual, but it really was a fact. Seldom have I seen a more enchanting sight than young couples dancing on the flat roofs which adjoin the back of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale's house in South Street, and around the Egyptian Embassy next door. Little fairy-lights and a lovely moon lit up the scene as dance music floated out through the French windows of the ballroom, where many other couples were dancing. This happy scene was at the dance which Mrs. McCorquodale gave for her debutante daughter, Raine, who is one of the prettiest and luckiest debutantes I have met, as she has already had two dances given for her this season, one in London by Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd and one in the country by her godfather, the Duke of Sutherland.

There were many dinner hostesses for this dance, including Lady Melchett, Lady Hamond-Graeme, Mrs. Everard Gates, Lady Eden, who



Miss E. Fenwicke-Clennell is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. E. Fenwicke-Clennell, of fourteenth-century Eland Hall, Ponteland, Northumberland. She was presented at the Royal Garden Party on June 10th



Miss Rhodanthe Leeds, who was also presented at the second Royal Garden Party, is the only daughter of Cdr. Sir Reginald Leeds, Bt., R.N., and Lady Leeds. She recently spent six months in Switzerland studying French



Pearl Freeman

Miss Pamela Gervase-Lang, only daughter of Major J. Gervase-Lang (retd.), was presented on June 10th by Mrs. G. M. Grove. Major Gervase-Lang is Vice-Chairman of the City of London United Nations Association

JENNIFER'S GALLERY

Continuing HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

brought her attractive eldest daughter, Ann; and Mrs. Brian Buchel, who had her god-daughter, Lady Bettie Walker's charming girl, Honor, and the American Ambassador's daughter, Sharman, among her guests. The Marquess and Marchioness of Bath brought their daughter, Caroline; Lord and Lady Knollys brought their daughter, Ardyne; Lady Monteagle brought her son, Lord Monteagle; and Lady Amy Biddulph brought her daughter, Susan. Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd I met chatting to Mr. Jimmy Dance and her host and hostess, the latter wearing a lovely amethyst and diamond tiara with her dress of the same shade. Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd came on later straight from the House of Commons. No one was enjoying the party more and being greeted by more friends than Raine's grandmother, Mrs. Cartland, who had come up from Worcestershire for the dance.

AMONG the young people I saw dancing were the Archduke Robert of Austria, Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia partnering Raine, the Hon. Caroline Cust, looking sweet in green; Lady Evelyn Leslie, Lord Herschell dancing with the Hon. Heather Legge, Lord Dunboyne, Miss Phillida Brewis, looking pretty with flowers in her hair; Miss Neelia Plunket, the Hon. Patricia Stourton and her brother, Charles, both in great form; the Hon. Anne Cholmondeley, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Anne Cavendish, Mr. Thomas Egerton, the Hon. Elizabeth Lloyd-Mostyn, the Hon. Anthony Berry, Miss Elizabeth Moncrieffe, the Hon. Cecily Paget, Mr. Derek Stanley Smith, the Hon. Colin Tennant, Sir David Moncrieffe and Lord Roger Manners.

THERE have been dances for young people right through this month too. In the week following the McCorquodale dance, Lady Serena James gave a coming-out dance for her younger daughter, Fay, who looked sweet in white satin with a wreath of white flowers in her blonde hair. Princess Elizabeth, looking charming in lime-green embroidered with gold sequins, was the guest of honour, and dined with her hostess before the dance. Part of Apsley House, the historic home of the Dukes of Wellington, was the lovely setting for this dance, where candlelight added to the beauty of the surroundings. Priceless pictures adorned the walls except in the book-lined ballroom.

Among those enjoying dancing to Tommy Kinsman's good band were Lady Serena's elder girl, Ursula, wearing beige tulle; the Ladies Mary, Elizabeth and Anne Lumley, who came with their mother, the Countess of Scarbrough;

and Lady Elizabeth Clyde, who was talking to her father, the Duke of Wellington, who had lent the house.

Others included Capt. the Hon. David Bethell, Mr. Paul Asquith, Mr. Geoffrey Dearbergh and his sister, Susan; Miss Brita Cederstrom, Mr. David Gurney, Capt. Tony Weatherall and his sister, Anne. Many guests sat out in the garden between dancing, and here I saw the Hon. Patricia Stourton, Miss Bridget and Miss Lavinia Kepple and their sister, Mrs. Lloyd; the Hon. Alatheia Fitzalan-Howard, Mr. David Jessel, Miss Teresa Child, Miss Anthea Hodson and Mr. Ian Anstruther.

THE week ended with a very gay and amusing small dance which Mrs. Brinsley Plunket gave for her tall and very attractive debutante daughter, Neelia. This was in Mr. Harbord's house in Trevor Place, which he has just furnished and decorated in the most delightful manner. It was enchanting to stand on the little vine-covered balcony and look down the ballroom, with its wonderful Regency ceiling and furnishing and fine glass candelabra, at the pretty dresses dancing round, or turn the other way and look at the little tables in the paved garden and in the striped marquee, where guests were sitting around.

Mrs. Plunket, who wore an exquisite picture-dress in grey brocade, received the guests at the top of the stairs. Her daughter, Neelia, wore a lovely yellow faille picture-dress, cleverly trimmed with black lace. Her schoolgirl daughter, Doone, looked sweet in pink and was dancing the whole evening. The guests included many I have mentioned at the other parties as well as the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, wearing a lovely ruby necklace with her strapless dress; the Earl and Countess of Rosse, who brought the Countess's debutante daughter, Susan Armstrong-Jones; Lord Dunboyne, Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, in a superb silver-and-white picture-dress; the Hon. Joan Spring-Rice, Mrs. Julie Thompson, very chic in black; Mrs. Charles Johnston and Mr. Jimmy Pollard.

Next week I shall be writing about the dance Mrs. Humphrey Tollemache gave for her daughter, Jean, and the dance Mrs. Alistair Campbell gave for her daughter, Fiona, and to celebrate the coming-of-age of her elder son, John, and his cousin, Melfort Campbell.

Many of her friends are looking forward to the dance Mrs. Brinsley Plunket is giving on August 5th at her home, Luttrellstown Castle, near Dublin, about which I hope to write during my visit to Ireland for the Dublin Horse Show.



Mr. Gerard d'Abo, the banker, and Mrs. d'Abo were among the large number of guests



The Earl of Lindsey and Lady Gwendoline Latham, sister of Earl Jellicoe



The New King and Queen of Denmark

H.M. King Frederik IX. of Denmark, who has succeeded his father, the late King Christian X., with Queen Ingrid and their daughters. The Princesses are Margrethe, Benedikte and Anne-Marie Dagmar Ingrid, who was born last year. Queen Ingrid is the daughter of H.R.H. Prince Gustav Adolf, Heir-Apparent to the Swedish throne



The host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Spilman, with their daughters, Joy (right) and Pat. The party was given at their home, "Wonastow," Sunningdale

Miss Joy Spilman's
Coming-of-Age Party



The Royal Family paid a surprise visit to Lord's on the first day of the match, and Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and Lt. Philip Mountbatten are here chatting to friends during an interval

ETON AND HARROW DRAW AGAIN THIS YEAR



Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe-Fraser were two of the spectators at what turned out to be a batsman's holiday



Miss Geraldine Cook, Sir Thomas Cook, who is an Old Etonian, Lady Cook and Miss Rosemary Cook



Major and Mrs. S. Whitbread in front of one of the coaches which are such a feature of the occasion



Miss Valerie Soames and Capt. Michael Ackroyd were also among the visitors. The match was favoured with excellent weather



Mrs. Esmond Pelham Warner, daughter-in-law of Sir Pelham Warner, and Mrs. Stanley Cayzer



The Hon. Joan Spring Rice, sister of Lord Montegale of Brandon, and Miss Jenefer Petherick



Mr. Acton Davis, Mrs. Stokes and Miss Anne Acton Davis were also there



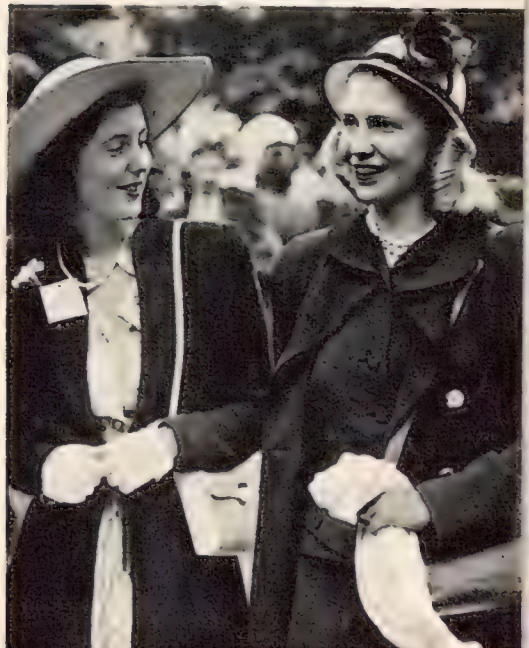
Miss Clarke Brown and Mrs. Clarke Brown wearing two of the typical charming summer ensembles seen at the match



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henty with their Etonian son, Mr. Jonathan Henty, and their daughter Caroline



Mr. G. Tufnell, also an Etonian, with Mrs. Kenneth Bull and his father, Major K. E. M. Tufnell



Miss Sharman Douglas (right), daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, discussing the match with Miss E. Crabbe



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Poole, Dublin

Racegoers Who Saw the Fingall Plate Run at Phoenix Park, Dublin

The Earl of Fingall and Mrs. John Hislop, wife of the English C.R. The Earl is President of the Bloodstock Breeders' Association of Ireland

Capt. Yvo Fitzherbert, member of a very old Irish family, and Miss June Dill, of Burgess Hill, Sussex, who have just become engaged

The Marquess and Marchioness Conyngham in the Members' Enclosure. Their residence is Slane Castle, on the banks of the Boyne, Co. Meath

Michael K. Hanin

An Irish Commentary

Homage to the Rotunda

DUBLIN has recently celebrated the bi-centenary of the Rotunda Hospital. Some 500 delegates from all over the world came to the city, and besides holding conferences on all aspects of their profession, these doctors attended numerous receptions held in their honour. Among one of these was a garden-party in the grounds of the hospital itself, when the Master, Dr. Ninian Falkiner, who retires this year, and Mrs. Falkiner received the guests. It was a very interesting occasion as far as I was concerned, for during the party it was possible to visit the Round Room, which is normally a cinema, and the ballroom, which is a dance hall.

I should perhaps add for those who do not know Dublin that the Rotunda is one of the most famous lying-in hospitals and situated at the north end of O'Connell Street, and therefore one of the most prominent buildings in the city. Founded by Dr. Mosse, the Round Room and other assembly rooms were constructed in order to assist in supporting the hospital. It was a sad sight to see the walls of the ballroom—once finely decorated—covered with geometric panels of brilliant coloured oil-paint whilst only the beautiful vaulted ceiling, out of reach of the painters' arms, showed traces of its former splendour. But there is good news, for these fine, eighteenth-century buildings are to form the nucleus of the new city concert hall, which, I gather, will stretch to the north into Parnell Square. Dublin has long been in need of a concert hall, and now it appears that it may have one worthy of the city.

BY a coincidence I went into Mr. Gorry's gallery in Molesworth Street. Mr. Gorry is a picture-restorer and expert of considerable note. He has just cleaned and has exhibited for sale a large picture of George IV. arriving in Dublin on August 17th, 1824. The background to the picture is a very detailed and architecturally correct representation of the Rotunda. This Royal visit is commemorated in many Irish houses by the painting by Haverty, which was engraved by Havell, but the picture at Gorry's is by William Turner, of London, whose works are little known, but who painted several documentary and social pictures such as this one, which belongs to the Limerick Chamber of Commerce. It was recently brought out from

the cellar, where it was doubtless put for political reasons.

Whatever may be one's views about the rule of Ireland during Union days, this is a picture which should certainly be saved. It gives the most minute details not only of the Monarch, the Lord Mayor, the Viceroy and their entourage and coaches, but also records many details of contemporary dress. I hope by the time this article is printed it may well have been bought for the Rotunda or the new concert hall, for it would be tragic if this document were lost to Ireland.



AN English visitor I met was A. G. Street, the farmer-novelist. This tall Wiltshireman, who rose to fame overnight in 1932 with his novel *Farmer's Glory*, has been staying at the hotel at Leenane, which was owned so long by the McKeown family and has recently been taken over by a Scotsman. When I saw him he was delighted with himself, for he had managed to catch a salmon on the Galway River.

It was Arthur Street's first visit to Ireland and he was still rather puzzled by our ways when I saw him. The thing which interested him most was when his car was ditched on a very lonely mountain road. Hardly had the occupants left the car than a dozen young men appeared to assist in pushing the car out. He assured me that there were only a couple of cottages in sight and the men appeared from nowhere. Further, he was worried because it was a Saturday night, and knowing England so well he could not fathom why they were not either courting or drinking! I explained that more likely than not they were in fact gambling by tossing coins at the end of some bohereen.

REVERTING to musical matters, one of the most interesting recent concerts was that of music by Sir Arnold Bax which was broadcast by the Radio Eireann Orchestra under the conductorship of Dr. Arthur Duff. Sir Arnold was in Dublin for the concert, as he had come over to receive an honorary degree from the National University. The Master of the King's Musick is not Irish, as many might think, but has always been strongly influenced

by, and interested in, Ireland—indeed, his earliest musical work was, I think, *A Celtic Song Cycle*. I met Sir Arnold in Dublin just before the concert, when he was bemoaning the loss of his wallet in the grounds of the Powerscourt demesne.

Although I had visited his younger brother Clifford in his fine rooms in Albany (they are those over the north entrance) with Sir John Squire on one or two occasions, I had never met Sir Arnold before. He has a round, cheerful face, clean-shaven (his brother is unmistakable with his pointed beard), and a quiet and amusing manner of speech. I gather he was delighted with the rendering of his work by the radio orchestra. In his capacity of Master of the King's Musick, I suppose he will be responsible for the music of the forthcoming Royal wedding. It will be interesting to see if there is any Irish flavour in this.

FOR some while past I have been watching with interest the steps which are being taken by the Irish Labour Party and the National Labour Party for a return to unity. As will be remembered, there is a large rift in Labour circles in Ireland. It was, I think, always there, but culminated over the question of whether the trade unions in Ireland should be self-contained or whether they should be run from London. The more nationalist-minded wanted purely Irish unions, whilst the more internationally-minded preferred outside associations.

Now in County Wicklow, where there is a considerable Labour vote, a unity committee has been assembled to try to form a united Labour Party. If this unity comes about it may well change political events here, for at the moment, owing to differences of view, the Socialists have little influence in the ruling of the twenty-six counties. Further, when the country is united and the large Labour vote from Belfast and industrial areas of the North is thrown in (and this will happen despite the beating of Orange drums), it will change the balance of politics considerably, and many interesting developments will follow from the new weight in the scales. With our growing industries a united Labour Party is required.





Priscilla in Paris Island Delights

THE FARM - ON - THE ISLAND.—Bliss, perfect bliss! I am writing this seated on the seawall above the causeway that leads to my Island. I have removed my shoes and second-best nylons and the water is rippling just below my knees. When it gets down to my ankles it will be time to down tools (fountain-pen and writing-pad), get back to "Miss Chrysler 1926"—who has behaved like a perfect lady—and finish my journey. My wheels and running-boards may get wet, but who cares so long as the sparking-plugs remain dry?

I left Paris early with a wide margin for trouble, on the same principle as one takes an umbrella to scare away the clouds, so that we arrived here a couple of hours before low tide. We dined therefore in the little village where, in June 1940, I spent the night on a particularly hard staircase, the pub being chock-a-block with refugees. The staircase is still there, but now it has come up in the world and boasts a carpet.

THIS part of the world (I name no names) being particularly inadequately administered, no bread is available, officially, for visitors. I was prepared to do without, like Londoners, but, to my astonishment, a great basketful of slices appeared on the table. I goggled at the serving-wench, who grinned back and murmured: "On se débrouille!" Only James Agate could have found the English equivalent to this. The nearest I can get is: "One wangles!" And this, incidentally, is the root of our troubles in France. Too much wangling and, too few

the better for it. I should have waved it away. Did I or didn't I?

IT is nearly nine o'clock. The sun is setting behind the Island. "Red night, shepherd's delight." This one is very red and to-morrow we shall have the cloudless, deep-blue skies that remind one of the South and the warm, warm sun that brings the summer mimosa to flower only a fortnight later than on the Riviera.

The glancing, iridescent *demoiselles* and fire-flies also speak of fine weather and the glow-worms are glimmering in the rough grass. The tide is running down so fast that the raised platforms, placed every few hundred yards along the causeway that is four kilometres long, are rising higher and higher above the water, *à vue d'œil*, like those expanding skeletons one used to see in marionette shows. These platforms are for belated travellers who get caught by the tide. One climbs to them, by rusty, barnacled, slimy iron ladders, and from there one watches the waves ripple up and over the car and luggage one has been obliged to abandon. Every year visitors imagine they can fool the tide that waits for no man. They never can.

IT was dark by the time we reached the village, some eighteen kilometres from the spot where we set wheels on the Island. The moon shone and great pyramids of salt glittered here and there in the salt-marshes through which

we made our winding way. Kindly lamps shone in certain windows of the sleeping village, where local friends awaited us.

Here was a basket of new potatoes and crisp salads. A hundred yards farther along the grandly named boulevard we found a pot of golden butter and a big bowl of luscious apricots. The laundress was at her door with a bundle of last year's washing that had been airing in the sun all day and, when we made the beds, smelled of warm hay and lavender.

AT the garage, Jean, the master-mechanic, who has done so much to prolong "Miss Chrysler's" existence, was smoking a last pipe. I halted, we exchanged salutations, and he lent a professional ear. "As sweet as ever" was the verdict as "Miss C." hummed quietly. He added a remark that almost made me burst with pride: "Madame is the only lady I know who prefers oil to paint." (It was a pretty compliment . . . but I hope I never run into my coachbuilder.)

Voilà!

● The famous actor's third divorce had just been made absolute. He sighed with relief and cried: "Now I shall be able to live in peace . . . and alone!" He pondered a moment and then added: "With whom?"



Mr. A. Godfrey Imhof with his wife in the car in which he won the over-1½-litre race at 73.7 m.p.h. over this picturesque course



Conte A. del Bono, who won the race for sports cars under 1½ litres, with Mme. Hans Badrut and Mr. and Mrs. Desautels, of U.S.A.



Mr. T. H. Wisdom, another competitor, Mr. A. G. Imhof and Mr. John Bunn, Director of European Motor Industries

Motor Racing on the Maloja Course, Switzerland



Lady Chiltern (Diana Wynyard) introduces Lord Goring (Michael Wilding) to Mrs. Cheveley (Paulette Goddard), who has been brought to Lady Chiltern's reception by Lady Markby, played by Constance Collier

WILDE'S "AN IDEAL HUSBAND" IS FILMED

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE VICTORIAN SUNSET

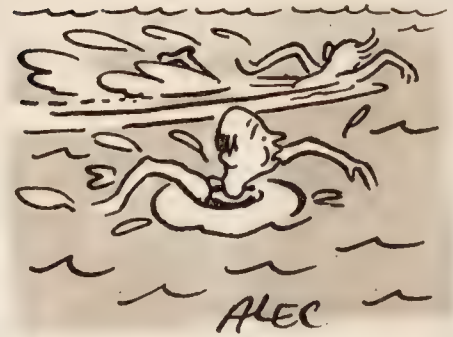
Seen in the perspective of half a century, the late-Victorian Age appears, shorn of its extravagances, as an era of easy magnificence and high good taste. It is as such that it has been re-created in London Films' *An Ideal Husband*, Oscar Wilde's brilliant study of an adventuress who finds the weak spots in sundry reputations.

The picture is being both produced and directed by Sir Alexander Korda, and costumes and scenery are by Cecil Beaton. The backgrounds include the Mayfair home of Sir Robert and Lady Chiltern, the Debating Chamber and Lobbies of the House of Commons, and a large-scale reconstruction of Hyde Park in 1895



A group of guests at Lady Chiltern's reception, standing in front of one of the original Rothschild tapestries depicting the story of Esther

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

THOSE 6-lb. ingots of pure gold discovered in the baggage of two Island sweethearts at Boulogne the other day took some explaining away when the Sûreté boys arrived, apparently.

Personally we should adopt one of two well-tried gambits. The first is familiar to all students of police-court news. E.g.:

"How do you account for these diamonds?"

"I don't know anything about them. A gentleman gave them to me. I don't know his name. He was a tall gentleman."

"Why did he give them to you?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before. Did I, Maudie?"

"Have you seen him since?"

"Never set eyes on him, not if it was ever so" (etc.).

Nobody ever identifies the Mysterious Unknown who betrays innocent English Roses in this manner, popping crested gold cigarette-cases and costly pendants into their handbags, slipping them top-secret Naval plans, vanishing gracefully like the morning mist over Park Lane. In our unfortunate view he is Eros, the god of Love, personified. However, if this gambit doesn't get past the Douane and the Sûreté, here is a better one:

"Alors . . . ?"

"C'est le Sport!"

"Ah!"

Dawning light in the eyes of MM. les Douaniers. Toujours le sport! An official accustomed to such matters clears it up in a private discussion.

"They hurl them to and fro with furious cries."

"But pure gold, my old one? One asks oneself—"

"They are without doubt Scottish."

"They are mad."

"They are all mad."

"Alors—"

Shrugs, mutterings, business with chalk, and the incident is over. Try it next time you are in a similar jam.

Aubade

PASSING on the news that a nightingale was recently heard at 5 a.m. in Gordon Square, Bloomsbury, Auntie Times's Nature boy tactfully refrained from comment; yet how easy to explain this grim occurrence.

At 5 a.m. the frightful inhabitants of Bloomsbury are mostly wrapped in dreams of a kind not fit to be mentioned outside the pages of Freud or Krafft-Ebing. Faceless Japanese postmen in tall pointed hats chase them with ladders through long red-flannel tunnels. Transference-neuroses resolving into libido-regressions result in fixations we couldn't even begin to describe to you. The breezy call of incest-breathing morn brings the recession of the object-psychosis into the Sublimated Ego in a highly pathogenic manner. Any stray nightingale fooling round Bloomsbury at dawn would be classed by Charcot as a *grand hystérique* at

first glance, long before panic overtook it. This particular one, which yelled for ten minutes, plainly suffered from dementia præcox.

Footnote

ONLY to some frustrated little gipsy from the London School of Economics, whom the poet has so sadly depicted, treading and trodden on:

. . . sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corns . . .

—only to such pathetic Bloomsbury waifs can a stray nightingale bring any solace. It echoes the liquid call of a long-lost Laski, and a frowsy pillow is wet with tears. Excuse this sentiment. These bloodshot old eyes are dim likewise, as if viewing the deathbed of Little Hell, or was it Nell?

Enigma

At the Horse Show the inevitable cry, first uttered by that awful girl Mrs. Dorothy Parker in the 1920's, welled up in many a bosom once more: "You don't catch horses going round looking like people—why do people go round looking like horses?"

As the only talking horse in history, so far as we know—the horse Falada in Grimm's fairy tales—talked of other matters, there's no stable information on this point. They tried to get the poet William Wordsworth, a wellknown horse, to talk in 1825, but the boy was cagey and his friends stood by him. When Mussolini roared to the kindly Italians in 1938: "We must sleep with our heads on our knapsacks!" several thoughtful chaps nevertheless remembered, and quoted, Southey's remark to Wordsworth after a day's romp amid the Lakes:



I must sleep with my head in a nosebag,
For nosebags remind me of you;
Please pardon my sauce
If I say this, Old Horse,
For untruthfulness one should eschew (etc.).

But though given this lead the poet said nothing for publication, so nobody has yet answered little Mrs. Parker's question, even in the Shires. Once in the paddock at Goodwood we were on the point of asking a typical horse in a grey bowler what the idea was, but as its escort was one of those angry girls with prominent blue eyes and a grievance, we refrained.

Maybe they do it to confuse Our Dumb Friends' League?

Snags

WORRYING over the worries of club secretaries, a gossip seemed to imagine that all was Pommery and poker in Clubland before the present Utopia arrived. This is a fallacy, if we may repeat that melancholy lyric from *A Clubland Lad*, known to one and all:

When at the Athenæum
Lads drank their cares away,
Even in that museum
It was not always gay;
Reform Club lads had oodles
Of cares to drive them mad,
And lads knew trouble at Boodle's,
When I was a Boodle's lad.

You ask what these troubles might have been? They were plentiful. Cads, corked bottles, cads, chefs' five-bob increases, voices raised above a murmur, new members sitting in wrong chairs, cads, country members slinking down Jermyn Street in soft hats before the end of Ascot Week, and cads were among them. At Boodle's in the Regency a man might tap his snuffbox wrongly. At the Reform (modelled on the Baths of Caracalla) members in the 1860's overcome by despair would often open a vein in the Tepidarium and pass away to the music of flutes, like Petronius Arbiter. Eventually a notice had to be put up.

VEINS

WILL MEMBERS KINDLY KEEP THEIR VEINS
PROPERLY CLOSED WHILE IN THE CLUB
PRECINCTS.

By order of The Committee.

One might in fact say that Clubland has never been entirely free from worry. Who is, indeed, barring the present Cabinet boys, now having the time of their lives?

Idea

"ZENGIN olmadıkça, sevimli bir adam olmanin faidesi yoktur," as Oscar Wilde used to say smilingly. Or would have said, had he



been a Turk, we observe from a short story of his called *Model Milyoner* (The Model Millionaire), just published at Istanbul in a small volume with stories by Dickens, Poe, Stevenson, Wells, Maugham, and Liam O'Flaherty, all in Turkish. A copy lies before us, as the duchess said of "Debrett."

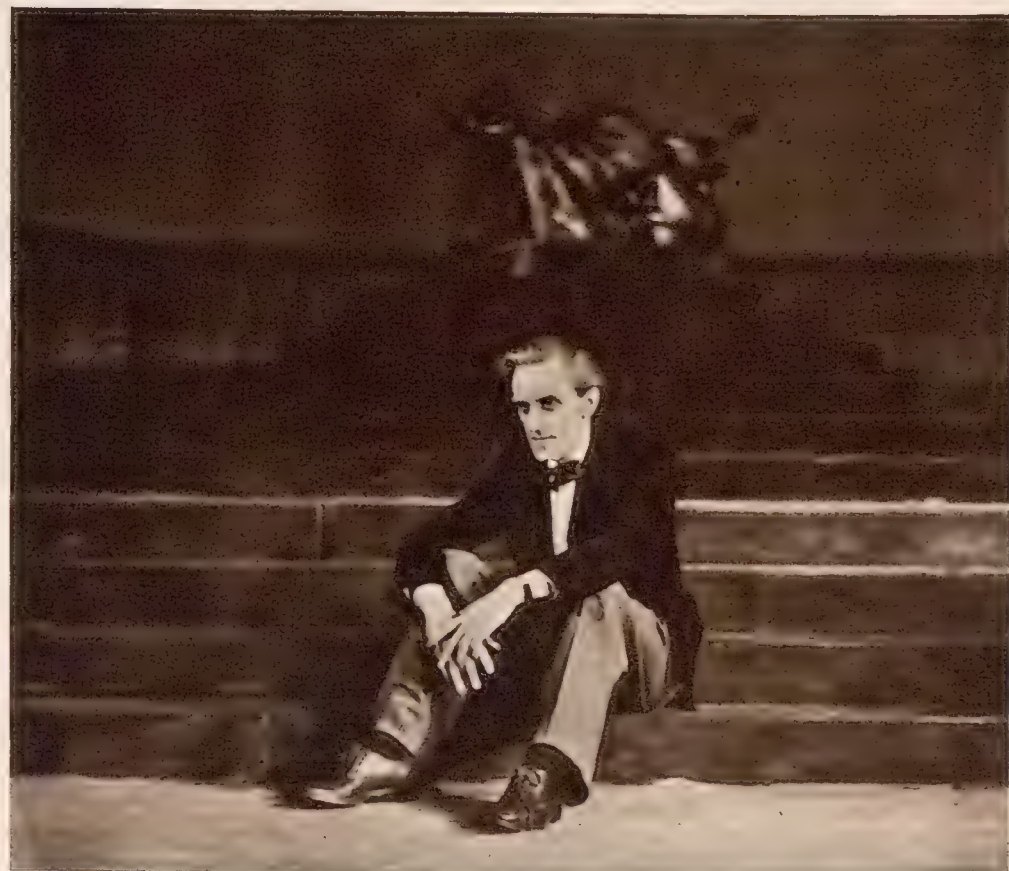
You ask yourself possibly what the bowler-hatted Turks make of the Wildean crack above quoted ("Unless one is wealthy, there is no use in being a charming fellow"), or of a subsequent one, "Züppe erkeklerle cici kadınlar dünyaya hükmederler, etmiyorlarsa etmiller" ("Men who are dandies and women who are darlings rule the world, at least they should do so")? Have you ever asked yourself what hordes of bowlerhatted Anglo-Saxon thinkers encompassing you at this moment make of the airy Wilde? Nothing whatsoever, as you can swiftly discover.

A tip for the Unesco boys; therefore. Instead of weakly trying to force "culture" on European peasants possessing a far older, deeper, and richer culture than their own, let these unfortunate pedants try and put Wilde across our native boneheads as a famous Turkish author, recently discovered. He'd soon turn out to be rather interesting, in his quaint, Oriental way, we bet. Though naturally not a patch on Edgar Wallace.

Ace

PUNCH AND JUDY shows are not "educational," the ædiles of Middlesex County Council recently decided, thereby showing their painful ignorance of the facts of Life and the onward march of Progress.

Nothing could educate the modern young more than the technique of Punch, who, in the true English version (he came to us in the 17th century from the *Commedia dell'Arte*, in which he was the Neapolitan playboy-Pulcinella), beats his wife to death, tosses the baby out of the window, kills his mother-in-law, seduces numbers of ladies, hangs his executioner, and finally knocks the Devil down with his club and makes his triumphant bow, chortling with joy. Even in his German incarnation, Hans Wurst (Jack Sausage), Punch is not such a perfect example of efficiency leading to success by all current standards. Ædiles, you're out.



Baron

Leslie Hurry is one of England's new and most promising theatrical designers. He already has to his credit *Hamlet* in 1942 and *Le Lac des Cygnes* in 1943, both for the Sadler's Wells Ballet. His designs for the Covent Garden Opera Company's production of Puccini's opera *Turandot* were on a truly magnificent scale and gave effect both to the sinister story and the wonderful music. On this production Leslie Hurry worked for sixty hours without sleep. This picture shows him at the end of the last dress rehearsal, exhausted but content.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



An "ELECTRIC SOSS" experimenting on a flower, to which he is trying to impart a 100 watt light!

A GROUP of boys thought it would be great fun to fool a well-known naturalist. They killed a centipede, then glued on to it a beetle's head, the wings of a butterfly and the legs of a grasshopper. They packed it in a box and took it to the great man.

"We found it in the fields," the leader of the gang explained. "What is it?"

"Ah!" said the naturalist. "Did it hum when you caught it?"

"Oh, yes," came the answer.

"Then," said the naturalist, "it is undoubtedly a humbug!"

A BUSINESS man came home one evening looking very weary indeed.

"You look very tired, dear," remarked his wife, sympathetically. "Have you had a very busy day at the office?"

"Well, not exactly," he answered, "but, you see, the office-boy came in with the old story of going to his grandmother's funeral, so I decided to teach him a lesson and accompany him."

"And, of course, you found it was a football match?"

"No such luck," replied her husband, with a rueful grin, "it was his grandmother's funeral."

IN a school in one of the poorer districts of a big city, a questionnaire was sent home with a new pupil, requesting information regarding the home environment, number of brothers and sisters, father's occupation, and so on. The next day she returned with a scrap of paper on which was the following:

"We have eighteen children. My husband can also do plumbing and carpentry work."

TWO Irishmen were having an evening out and were well and truly "lit up." Suddenly Pat had an idea. "Mike, me bhoy," he hiccupped, "we're just in time to go to McGrath's wake."

"Now, that's a fine idea," said Mike. "But I never had the pleasure of your friend McGrath's acquaintance."

Pat assured him that this made no difference whatever, and the two men reeled into McGrath's home, where a fine wake was taking place. Mike just managed to get to the grand piano in the front room when his legs gave way underneath him. As he sank down, his jaw gave the ivory keys of the piano a terrific jolt. He looked at them wonderingly, turned to his friend Pat and said in tones of soft admiration: "It is true that I never saw McGrath in rale life, but I must say he sure had a fine set of teeth."



The Duchess of Kent at Maidstone

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent was a visitor to the Kent County Agricultural Society Show at Maidstone. The Duchess is seen sitting between Lady Weigall and Major J. I. H. Friend, and at the table is Lord Cornwallis, Lord-Lieutenant of Kent

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

IT is now officially announced that the Indian Army, that finely-welded fighting machine, is to be split up into two parts—the Pakistan Army and the Union of India (Hindustan) Army—and that each “will have operational control of their armed forces.” What does this, in effect, mean? Why, this: that neither is bound to go to the aid of the other in face of a common danger.

The Pakistan Army will be on the most dangerous frontier, the North-West. The United Indian Army, plus the British Army in India, plus that very fine force, the Gurkhas, is, and has been in the past, none too thick on the ground to deal with a big frontier conflagration. So far, these combined forces have not had to cope with anything bigger, but every distinguished soldier who has ever commanded in India has seriously bent himself to the bigger problem, and has never contemplated being able to surmount it without reinforcement by troops from this country.

The British troops in India are to be withdrawn at once; the Gurkha Regiments, of which there used to be twelve of two battalions each, may prefer disbandment to service under either the Pakistan or Hindustan commanders; in fact, there have been indications in this direction. What will these two armies look like when the first, and if the second, depletion takes place, and what will happen if the Major Problem arrives in all its ugliness?

There will not be much time to swap knives. There is the obvious risk that one of these armies might flatly decline to help the other, even in face of a great and common peril. The Major Problem, which will present itself in the shape of an up-to-date fighting force of high quality, equipped with every known modern weapon, might boil up with a disconcerting suddenness, and the ensuing conflict will be something very different from what are sometimes called, rather facetiously, I have thought, “frontier disturbances.” There will not be much time in which to call a cab, and reinforcements cannot arrive on a magic carpet.

Like a Fish

... men who have not had some practise in it afore, when by any sinister occasion they fall into the water, the discreet use of their senses is taken away by a suddaine feare, and so unorderly labouring in the water, they by the indirect mooving of their bodies pull downe themselves under the water, and so are drowned, which to avoyde I leave it to every severall mans consideration how necessarie a thing this Art of Swimming is.

That is an extract from Christopher Middleton's *A Short Introduction for to Learne to*

Swimme, published in London in 1595; and now we have a modern treatise, *Swimming the Easy Way*, by the famous Matt Mann, coach of the University of Michigan swimming team, and a former member of the Olympic Swimming Committee of the United States, who probably has forgotten more about the art than most people ever knew, and Charles C. Fries, Professor of English at the University of Michigan, who is also a first-class exponent.

If ever it is possible to learn anything from a book, this one ought to enable people to do it. Every form and variety of stroke is dealt with, and there is a most important chapter on life-saving. It is all very lucid, practical and workmanlike, is copiously illustrated by photographs, and excellently turned out by the publishers, Nicholas Kaye, Ltd., 1, Trebeck Street, London, W.1, and is worth every penny of the 15s. at which it is priced.

Killing the Goose

IF racing is purely an entertainment, then surely it is bad policy to shoot the pianist? If racing is not just an entertainment, but a national commercial asset, then, equally surely, it should not be taxed as such in the same way as a circus? In his recent speech at the Race-horse Owners' Association, Sir Malcolm McAlpine, the newly-elected president in succession to Lord Fitzwilliam, set out the parlous financial situation of the owner without any beating about the bush, and told the meeting and the public that unless relief was forthcoming, things would inevitably come to a full-stop.

This was not an overstatement. We cannot afford to throw away our bloodstock-breeding industry, and that industry cannot continue to thrive without the test of the race-course, the crucible in which the fine gold is separated from the dross. Racing cannot take place without the race-horse and the owner. The present annual loss to owners is in the region of £2,500,000, and this cannot any longer be borne. At the moment an owner averages about £200 in stakes won per horse. His annual average cost of keep and training is £700 per horse.

The answer is plain. Better stakes, better public amenities and less tax. “Insufficient number of days racing, lack of proper accommodation and Totalisators to attract all classes of the racing public, coupled with the very heavy burden of entertainment tax, are perhaps the most important factors contributing to that [the present] state of affairs.” “We are seriously concerned that nothing has yet been done by the Government to eliminate, or at least reduce, the heavy incidence of this tax . . . which may

eventually kill racing.” These are some of the plain words of the president, and they put the case in a nutshell.

The R.C.T.C. and R.W.I.T.C.

THESE sets of initials stand for the Royal Calcutta Turf Club and the Royal Western India Turf Club, the two recognised racing authorities in India, “recognised” meaning acknowledged by the Supreme Authority, the Jockey Club. Both these racing clubs are wealthy, particularly the R.C.T.C., which, besides the capital assets of the range of magnificent stands on the Calcutta Race-course, which it holds under a peppercorn rent from the Crown, is the owner in fee-simple of an up-to-date race-course at Barrackpore, some sixteen miles distant from Calcutta, which it purchased some years ago for the sum of 8 lakhs of rupees. It has also a very considerable sum in invested capital. It is rated the wealthiest racing club in the world.

In the Royal Western India Turf Club much the same state of things obtains, though it is, admittedly, not as well off as its eastern neighbour, and I am not quite sure as to the nature of its tenure of the Bombay and Poona race-courses, which constitute its main headquarters. All the appurtenances and investments of these two clubs are personal assets. Not very long ago it was announced that mercantile businesses in Calcutta to the value of £20,000,000 had been sold, and that their European owners considered it wise to shake the dust of India from off the soles of their feet the moment the new order came into being. This is not a very reassuring index of confidence in the sanctity of private property under the new régimes just starting on a journey over a road strewn with many boulders and booby-traps. The two British turf clubs stand in exactly the same position as these mercantile firms, and may likewise feel so little confidence in the future that they may consider it safer to wind themselves up, sell any realisable property, demolish the rest and leave the new régime to start from scratch, or to abandon a contest which they may find very difficult.

If this course is decided upon it would compel any new racing organisation to seek recognition by G.H.Q., and, in view of the extremely fluid, not to say perilous, outlook, this might not be very easy. Would the Jockey Club be over-ready to accord recognition to any racing authorities whose conduct of affairs might be swayed by political and racial animosity? Bluntly put, how could recognition be accorded to any such “new authority” under the present circumstances?

Yorkshire v. Scotland—a Dour Struggle at Selkirk



The captains, W. K. Laidlaw and M. Leyland, tossing up. Yorkshire batted first and made 213 for 9 declared. Scotland followed and made 48



Aitchison and Crerar opened the batting for Scotland's second innings, in which Aitchison made a fighting 71



W. Watson and H. Halliday going in to open the Yorkshire innings. The match was played on the Philiphaugh ground



Clapperton, Selkirk

Scotland, who drew, after a fine second-innings recovery. Behind: J. Grieve, A. Johnstone, T. A. Findlay, G. W. Youngster, R. S. McLaren, G. G. Crerar, H. F. Sheppard, O. Halstead. Front: W. A. Edwards, W. Nichol, W. K. Laidlaw (captain), R. S. Hodge, J. Aitchison

Scoreboard



Cabbage Whites, two Purple Emperors, one Anonymous), or to leave them in his locker, alongside three copies of *Beano*, Kennedy's *Shortbread Eating Primer*, and a disembowelled golf ball. The Old Boys' match has been played, and lost only because A. E. Johnson, who would have been picked for England if he'd had time, made 56 in a quarter of an hour. They still point out the hit he made, when a boy in the school, against St. Athelstan's. It went clean over the pav., I tell you, then over the trees behind that. Call me a liar? You wait, Jackson minor.

ON the first day of the holidays, our old headmaster, wearing his Old Marlburian tie, used to take us to see Rugby v. Marlborough at Lord's. I wanted Rugby to win, simply because of their blue cricket shirts. I still covet them. But Marlborough had my first bowling hero, K. H. C. Woodroffe. Such speed. Such ease. The Rugbeians did well, surely, to stand there at all. The skies were all blue then. But the last chapter of a volume of history was writing itself. In 1915 Woodroffe was killed near Neuve Chapelle.

From Lord's we would float on to Margate. The new Winter Garden had just been opened. The bands played *The Tales of Hoffmann*; and Auntie tried out the hotel piano with *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and *Everybody's Doing It*. The celebrated singer, Harry Dearth, was staying there, and I lay in bed listening to his *Onaway, Awake, Beloved*, and wishing I hadn't punished the devilled kidneys so severely.

Uncle E. was remodelling the defences of Singapore, and stayed up late with his multi-coloured diagrams. Lawn tennis was played, and there was a left-handed gentleman from the Continent who shouted, "Out, perhaps; yes,

indeed!" And, for the first time, I saw Senna Pods, ticking over in a basin of water. A racy life.

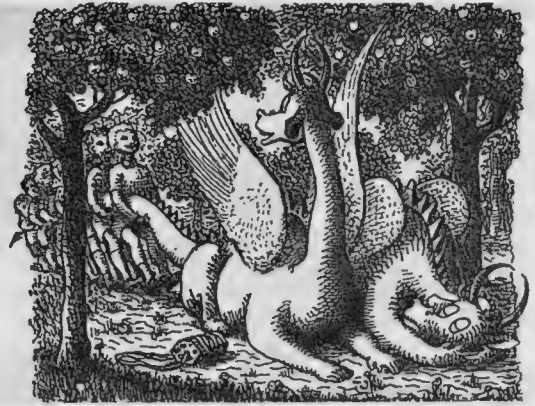
WARWICK ARMSTRONG, the Australian cricketer, will be remembered as the captain who read an evening newspaper in the deep-field during a Test match. At the time, this was understood as an act of studied contempt. The truth was otherwise and two-fold. First, he wanted to indicate his disapproval of three-day Test matches; also, he wanted to see the racing results. Worthy objects, both. Besides, it isn't every 18-stoner who has the foot-work to trap a passing newspaper. It was at the Oval that I saw a newspaper wrap itself round a pavilion member's face just as he was explaining the faulty placing of the field.

Warwick Armstrong, like another man of great bulk, W. G. Grace, bowled slow rolling teasers at the leg stump. For this purpose, he filled the leg side with fielders. Percy Fender, ever an original thinker, once solved this problem in a Test match by striking a ball from Armstrong left-handed to the vacant space at third man. Three runs accrued.

ARMSTRONG and Lionel Tennyson, now the third Baron, were paired in a comedy during that summer of 1921. It was near the close of the second day of the Fourth Test, at Manchester, that, in the words of the great Wisden, "an unfortunate and rather lamentable incident occurred." This was not, as you might reasonably suppose, the inability of some illustrious batsman to reach the wicket owing to superabundant refreshment, but a declaration of innings by Tennyson when, in fact, under Law 55, as amended by the M.C.C. in 1914, no such declaration was possible.

After twenty minutes of debate in the pavilion, the England innings was continued; and, in the general perplexity, Armstrong bowled two consecutive overs, thus cracking Law 13. Indeed, he was always in the news, and he had a fine up-and-downer with the Secretary of the M.C.C. on whether drinks could be served in the Australian dressing-room. But, beneath the rock, he was a kindly man, of much humour. Salute to him. He was a great cricketer, in all meanings.

RC. Robertson-Clapperton

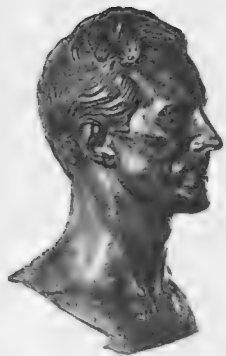


In the Country of Enchantment

"The Last of the Dragons" (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.), A. de Quincey's charming fairy-tale, will commend itself to children and their sophisticated elders alike. The illustrations, by Brian Robb, three of which are reproduced above, are an equally strong commendation, particularly to those warriors of sand and sun who remember with nostalgic affection his masterly series, "Little Known Units of the Western Desert," making its first appearance in the gallant "Eighth Army News." It was recently republished by Collins under the title "My Middle East Campaigns"

Elizabeth Bowen's

Bookshelf



Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, K.C.M.G., a bronze in this year's Royal Academy by Zorilla de San Martin, the Uruguayan sculptor. Sir Eugen, as Minister in Montevideo, dealt with the Graf Spee case, and was later Chief Representative of Britain in South America

"I PRESENT these tales," Graham Greene says of his *Nineteen Stories* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), "merely as the by-products of a novelist's career." Never to me have stories read less like by-products. Having come to the end of the collection, I pulled myself together and went back to re-read the author's note at the beginning—keeping in mind the fact that Graham Greene is one of those few authors who say nothing they do not really mean.

He is not subject to vanity in that defensive form which makes one apologetic or false modest, or anxious to disarm criticism by forestalling it. He is, he says firmly, only too

conscious of the defects of these stories, written at long intervals between 1929 and 1941—the short story being "an exacting form which I have never properly practised."

It is hard to see how the, in the main, terrible effectiveness of these *Nineteen Stories* could be greater. Sometimes, when one speaks of the "effectiveness" of a piece of writing, one is being sardonic, implying that it has got away with itself, given the impression of being worth more than it is, by means of tricks, flashes, devices of one kind or another.

THERE are no tricks, flashes, devices here—none, the shaken reader could almost exclaim, alas! No, these stories are effective in the sense of taking effect to the full, and unsparingly, upon you and me. I should like to think that any qualms Mr. Greene experienced in re-reading them were *not*, as he thought, æsthetic but, really, nervous. Should a writer of his power expect to feel no come-back from his own work? I should like to think this a case of the bitter bit.

Graham Greene is among the few, the very few, of our great living novelists. His works—after what has been for the reader a far too long war-caused winter of out-of-printness—are

once more becoming available, two by two, in what is to be a complete edition: Messrs. Heinemann have combined, for this, worthy format with low price, 6s. Graham Greene makes a distinction, in his own work, between novels and "entertainments"—of the former, *Brighton Rock* and *The Power and the Glory* will probably stand out most clearly in the reader's memory: the three others, *The Man Within*, *It's a Battlefield* and *England Made Me*, date farther back in time, and demand, now, to be re-read. As to the "entertainments," few and unfortunate must be those who have not enjoyed *Stamboul Train*, *A Gun for Sale* and *The Ministry of Fear*.

This is a novelist who, by his own showing, has seldom felt an imperative from the short story. One can take it that, each time he *did* write a short story, the imperative was the stronger for being rare. Eighteen of the pieces in this collection—the nineteenth being the beginning of an abandoned novel—contain, and completely round off, an idea.

EACH story was, that is to say, really necessary. Each strikes one as being a pool, or pocket, into which Mr. Greene's imagination has deeply run, and in which his imagination is to be found at even greater than usual concentration. The subject of all the stories (with the exception of the three satirical comedies at the end, and that briskly grim little episode, "Jubilee") is fear, shock or guilt, in one or another form. Monotonous? Not as treated by Mr. Greene. One might not have realised, before reading *Nineteen Stories*, how many forms fear, shock or guilt could take.

The central characters, most often, are children or young persons. Is not youth the ideal conductor of alarm, and innocence the perfect sounding-board for evil? In "The Basement Room" we have a little boy, left alone (his parents being away on holiday) in a gloomy Pimlico mansion with two servants: he senses the horrible animosity between these Baineses, a married couple, finds himself unwilling party to the intrigue Mr. Baines is having with a timid girl in a white mackintosh; and, looking down over the banisters one nightmarish night, beholds a violent death.

In "The End of the Party" we share the sensations of Francis, who dreads playing hide-and-seek in the dark; parents, and still more jolly but inflexible hostesses, should take note. Charlie in "I Spy" becomes, in the course of his first and far-from-tremendous crime, the unwilling witness of his father's arrest. And the

young girl in "A Drive Into the Country" embarks upon what she takes to be an elopement only to find herself expected to play her part in a suicide pact.

"Across the Bridge" and "The Lottery Ticket" both have Mexican scenes; and each, as it were, the inverse of a situation which could under other treatment have been funny. Mr. Greene handles sheer scene, always, as no one else can—giving it all its illusion, when such exists, but equally making felt what can be its malignant force. The scene (or setting) itself plays the villain in "A Chance for Mr. Lever," in which we have an old, town-bred commercial traveller stumbling, sweating and trembling his way on a wild-goose chase through the African bush.

Of "Proof Positive" and "A Little Place Off the Edgware Road," I can only say that these two are the most convincingly macabre stories I have ever encountered: they were not my idea of a quiet Sunday afternoon (on which I happened to read them), and they gave me goose-flesh.

Let us close, as Mr. Greene has been so thoughtful as to allow us to close, with a good—a prolonged, a quiet, consuming—laugh. "When Greek Meets Greek" could but, as a tale of urbane imposture, have been relished by "Saki"—the only other author who could have written it.

"Men at Work" is a first-rate piece of destructive frivolity: scene, a committee meeting at a certain wartime Ministry; and as for "Alas, Poor Maling," of the intimate but noisy digestive trouble—well, alas for him! . . . Eight of these *Nineteen Stories* appeared before the war, in a volume entitled *The Basement Room*, published by the Cresset Press, 1936. The eleven others appear in book form for the first time.

"THE ENGLISH AT THE SEASIDE" ("Britain in Pictures" Series: Collins; 5s.) comes to us at the appropriate time: it signals, wittily and gaily, this, the third of our summer sea-going holiday seasons since the war. Christopher Marsden, I fancy, wrote it a year earlier; but his enchanting opening is none the worse for recalling recent disorder to our view:

All round the southern and eastern shores of England the concrete has been broken up and the wire pulled down. The gaping holes in the piers which used to carry our August merriment into mid-Channel have gradually been filled in. Here and there, a rare explosion may still announce the detonation of a mine. But already, from Crescents,

Reviewed Here

"Nineteen Stories"

"The English at the Seaside"

"The Novel Library"

"Twelfth-Century Paintings at Hardham and Clayton"

Terraces and Parades, from bow-fronted Regency villas and craggy Victorian chalets, we can scan once more the English and St. George's Channels, the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. Soon our coastline will be clear again from Berwick to Dungeness, from Rye to Penzance, from St. Ives up to Silloth.

The English can once again resume, where they will, their odd littoral enjoyments. Once again they will be able to fill their hair with salt and their shoes with stones; they will be free once more to migrate to small, rainy towns in trains that are only crowded at the very time they travel; to leave their comfortable homes to eat unlovely meals in lodgings presided over by cross women of fanatical parsimoniousness. They will be permitted again the annual repurchase of pails that do not hold water, of spades that do not dig, of tin moulds more suited to blancmange than to irresolute sand. Once more they will hear the long sagas of boring old salts.

The more reasonable sensual pleasures of the seaside will also be open to them: the wriggling of toes in sand; the working of depressions for buttocks; the popping of blistered seaweed. They will be able to inhale again in the sunshine that curious aroma...

English love of being beside the seaside does not, Mr. Marsden points out, go so very far back—put it at seven or eight generations. Before that, the majority of our island forbears regarded the sea (so much too much of which on all sides surrounded them) with fear or boredom. It was not, apparently, till the mid-eighteenth century that the sea entered social life—though before the end of the 1600's propagandists had begun to recommend sea-water, taken internally, as a cure for almost all human ills. Dr. Wittie, of Scarborough, made this advanced suggestion in a book published in 1660; a Dr. Shaw, of elsewhere, supported him; and in 1702 Sir John Floyer and Edward Baynard published, in London, a fat volume making still more specific claims.

BY 1730 the new and daring idea was well under way: the sea, if not much drunk, was being bobbed about in. Scarborough, thanks to the initiative of its Dr. Wittie, was the first to profit: the "Spaw," with its surrounding attractions, enjoyed a boom. More, Scarborough created a prototype: its Assembly Rooms, Rotunda, Piazza, Circulating Library, theatre, church and Methodist chapel catered for every need of the elegant visitor; and Scarborough, as other resorts sprang up, was to be flattered by imitation. The emergence of Brighton (or, rather, the evolution of Brighton from the village of Brighthelmstone) was due to another doctor—it was to be some time still,

RECORD OF THE WEEK

ANYONE who is interested in Jazz must hear "Dizzy" Gillespie and his Orchestra playing *Good Dues Blues* and *Our Delight*. John "Dizzy" Gillespie is a wizard trumpeter and the creator of the latest style in "Swing" known as "Bebop." Here is something that is an inspiration. It is new, original and dynamic, and shows, particularly in *Good Dues Blues*, that the musical accompaniment can be entirely subsidiary to the words of the Blues.

This is as it should be. If you saw the Champs Elysées Ballet Company dance the new Jean Cocteau ballet *Le Jeune Homme et La Mort* you will appreciate that this superb piece of modernism in dance could just as well be danced to Bebop as it was to Bach. In the ballet the music was subsidiary to the dancing: it went on and on quite independently of the interpretation of the dancers. And that is what happens with Bebop, a sustained rhythm goes right on through the music. Having heard the record once I know it will be heard again and again, but it is not something that those who are uninterested in Jazz will care about or appreciate. Parlophone (R. 3034).

Robert Tredinnick

Mr. Marsden says, before the sea was sought for pleasure rather than health.

Brighton, as we know it, owed its suddenly dizzying fashionableness to the Prince Regent—who himself first knew and loved the place when visiting his favourite and most disreputable uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, settled there with a lady. In a delectable chapter headed "Royal Approval," Mr. Marsden shows how different royalties, of markedly different degrees of respectability, each sought out and stamped their special resorts. "George III.'s First Bath at Weymouth, 1789," reproduced from a contemporary engraving, shows the monarch gripped and dipped by three stalwart bathing-women, surrounded by a brass band, thigh-deep in water, playing full blast. Sidmouth's reputation was due to the favour, and could survive the death, of Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent.

MR. MARSDEN gives us a typical day at Margate around 1780—accommodation, amusements, prices and bathing etiquette. A Margate citizen, Beale, a Quaker, had been the

inventor of the bathing machine—which, prudish, gloomy and often dangerous, was to reign through the greater part of the nineteenth century. On the subject of the Victorian seaside our author, I find, is no less rewarding. Now came a division of resorts into "vulgar" and "genteel"—and dire were the proprieties of the latter, where stuffily-dressed and forlorn young ladies (see the 1873 fashion-plate on p. 42) sat all day reading up-beach from the waves; other recreations permitted being the collection of seaweed, to stick in albums, or soulful talks, at the tide's edge, with "a chosen friend." The spread of the railways, then the cheap excursion, meanwhile, produced the "tripper"—horror of the refined...

The evolution of beach- and sea-wear, and general habits, provides, as a study, some enjoyable pages. There came Continental rivalry, then Continental influence. As a whole, *The English at the Seaside* is a disrespectful, stylish, enjoyable, witty book: I regretted it should have had to be so short. I remember with pleasure Mr. Marsden's *Palmyra of the North*, published in 1942—one must be glad that, after service throughout the war with the Artillery, he is once more free to take up the pen.

YES, one may greet this slightly more clement summer, the post-war reappearance of younger authors and of older books—by which I mean classics again in print. Charles Dickens's *Great Expectations* now comes to us in the attractive dress of "The Novel Library" (Hamish Hamilton; 6s.), and with the added interest of having a Foreword by Bernard Shaw. Stimulating, provocative as ever, Shaw, on the subject of Dickens in general and *Great Expectations* in particular, is on no account to be missed.

"TWELFTH-CENTURY PAINTINGS AT HARDHAM AND CLAYTON" is a book of photographs, taken by Helmut Gernsheim, of paintings in two Sussex churches. Many of us who have travelled Europe looking at frescoes may have overshot these—and may, even, be ignorant of the fact that our own old churches and cathedrals were once not less beautifully and brilliantly painted inside. Clive Bell's Introduction is as educative as it is free and graceful.

Time, alas, has dealt harshly with these works of art on the Hardham and Clayton walls: one must welcome the close-up detail supplied by some of the photographs, also the aid to be got from the key-tracings made by Caroline Lucas. This, published by Miller's Press, Lewes, at 3 guineas, must be ranked as a collector's book—but as many of us as possible should see it.



Lt.-Col. R. E. Black, Royal Engineers, of Milstead Old Rectory, near Sittingbourne, Kent, with his wife after receiving the D.S.O.



Brig. Abdy Ricketts, of Compton House, Cawood, Yorks, received the D.S.O. and O.B.E. He is seen with his wife and son, David



S/Ldr. Thomas W. Ripplingale, of Rood House, Gringley-on-the-Hill, Doncaster, who received the D.S.O., with his wife



W/Cdr. R. F. Griffin, of Hounslow, Middlesex, with his wife. He had received the D.S.O. and D.F.C.

Decorated by the King at a Buckingham Palace Investiture



Gibbs — Tyser

The Hon. Antony Gibbs, son of Lord and Lady Aldenham, married Miss Mary Tyser, daughter of the late Mr. W. P. Tyser and of Mrs. Tyser, of Gordonbush, Brora, Sutherland, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

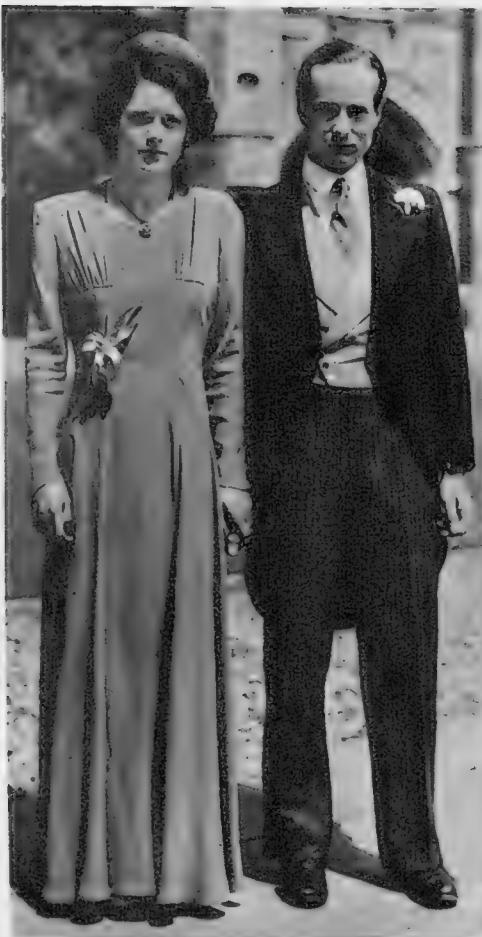


Carris — Pinnell

Mr. B. D. Carris (ex-Scots Guards), double Blue at Cambridge for cricket and golf, son of Mr. F. Austin Carris, married Miss Mary Pinnell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Pinnell, of Lion's River, Natal, South Africa

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Huxley — Pease

Mr. Andrew Fielding Huxley, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, younger son of the late Mr. Leonard Huxley, and of Mrs. Huxley, of 16, Bracknell Gardens, Hampstead, married Miss Jocelyn Richenda Gammel Pease, second daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Stewart Pease, of Reynolds Close, Girton, Cambridge



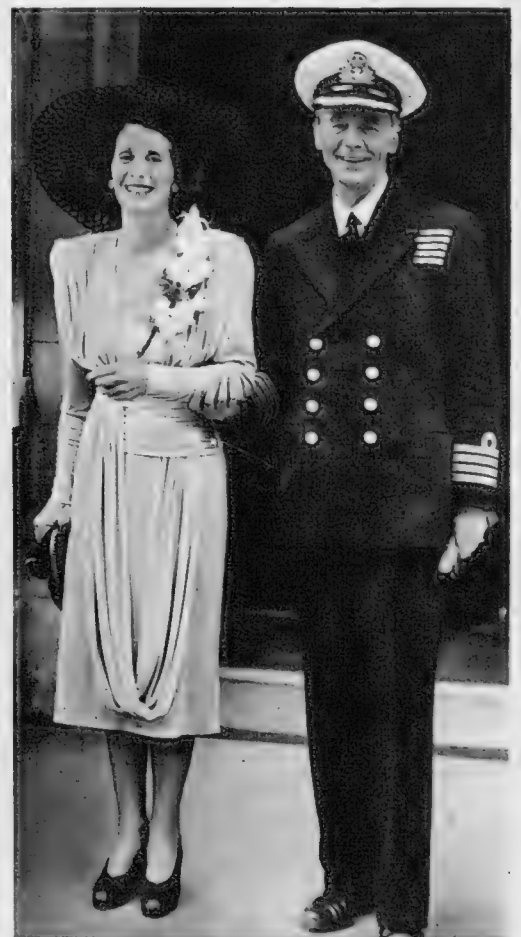
Parsons — Carstairs

Mr. Geoffrey Walter Parsons, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Parsons, of Sutton Coldfield, married Miss Rhona Margaret Carstairs, only daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Carstairs, of Kingswood, Surrey, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Turner — Healy

Mr. Gerald Mortimer Turner, younger son of the late Major F. L. and Mrs. Turner, of Radley Lodge, Wimbledon, married Miss Joyce Margaret Healy, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Healy, of Invercauld, Llanelli, Carmarthenshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Bowes-Lyon — French

Capt. Ronald Bowes-Lyon, R.N., youngest son of the Hon. Francis Bowes-Lyon of Radley Hall, Northamptonshire, and the late Lady Anne Bowes-Lyon, married Miss Cecilia French, of Johannesburg, in London. Capt. Bowes-Lyon is a first cousin of H.M. the Queen



The Art of Adornment

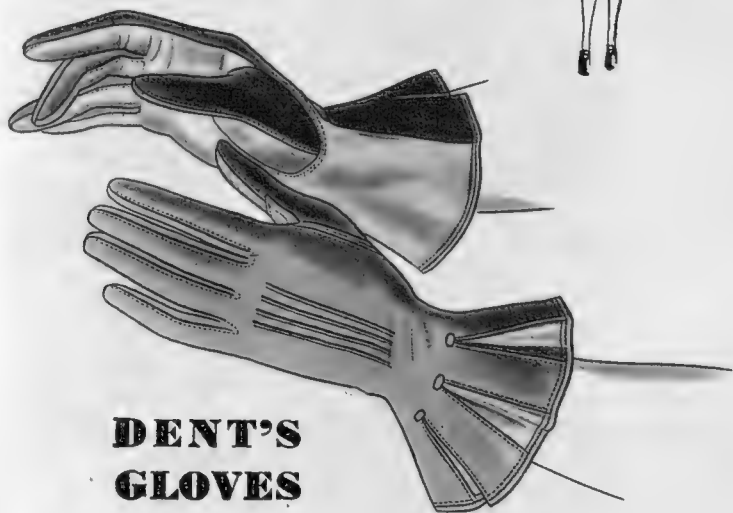
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FASHION
PAGE
by
Winifred
Lewis

Fashion in the Park has produced nothing more charming than these Lindsay Maid dresses. On the left a floral hair-cord with frilled spotted organdie sleeves and bodice inset. The smaller girl is wearing a striped wool-taffeta with deep hand smocking

Photographs by
John Cole



A DATE IN THE PARK

A Bedford-Cord with contrasting bodice band containing two handkerchief pockets. The white collar is French bound in self-material. The little taffeta-gingham has hand smocking at bodice, waist and pocket and a white poplin collar. Usual size ranges and various colours at Lilley and Skinner, Oxford Street





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Navana

Miss Helen Sheila Morton, daughter of the late Rev. C. J. Morton and of Mrs. Morton, of 13 Harvey Road, Cambridge, who is to be married in August to Mr. Duncan Forbes, M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Forbes, of Hindhead, Surrey. The wedding will be in Scotland



Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Mary Victoria Monckton, eldest daughter of the late Viscount Gahey and of Viscountess Gahey of Serlby Hall, Bawtry, Yorkshire, whose engagement is announced to Mr. David Henry Fetherstonhaugh, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Col. T. Fetherstonhaugh and of Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, of Kinnel Manor, Abergele, North Wales



Hay Wrightson

Miss Rachel Mary Heron-Maxwell, youngest daughter of the late Sir Ivor Heron-Maxwell, Bt., and of Norah Lady Heron-Maxwell, of 5 Staverton Road, Oxford, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Roy Martin Macnab second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Macnab, of Durban, South Africa



Miss Elizabeth Aida Way, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. B. Way, of 1 Grenville Place, London, S.W.7, who is to marry Mr. Peter Harold Laurence, of Christ Church, Oxford, elder son of the Ven. G. Laurence, B.D., of Lahore, India, and of the late Mrs. Alice Laurence



Bertram Park

Miss Olga Bloxam, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Bloxam, of Newton Road, London, W.2, who is engaged to Mr. Peter Rowland Jones, M.C., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Rowland Jones, of Boar's Hill, Oxford



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Miss Maureen Hazel Goldson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Goldson, of Great Saughall, Chester, whose marriage to Mr. Oswald George (Jock) Stirling, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Stirling, of Paisley, will take place in the middle of August



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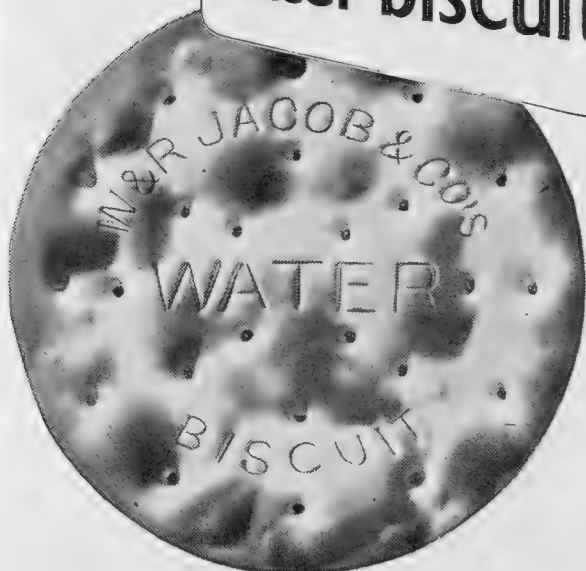
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Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

FRIENDS in the Royal Air Force sometimes complain about the lack of public interest in that Service. They say that from being first in the thoughts of the people of this country as it was during the war, it has become almost last.

Although I do not go so far as that, I do notice a reduced interest. And I think interest will continue to diminish until some satisfactory explanation is offered by the Air Staff for a drastic discrepancy between the statements of senior Royal Air Force officers and the statements of the world's most eminent scientific workers. The Air Force officers have said that R.A.F. development must continue along the same lines as in the past and that the coming of the atomic bomb and the guided, pilotless missile, has in no way lowered the defence value of an air force equipped with fighters and bombers, on the old pattern. The scientific workers do not agree.

Display the Evidence

IT is no wonder that the public, faced with this conflict of views between senior R.A.F. officers and great scientific workers, believes the scientific workers. They are the people who invented the atomic bomb and the guided missile; they are the people who are still working on them so they must know better than anybody else what their possibilities are.

Personally I am an ardent champion of a large air force. I believe that we ought to spend much more than we are doing on the R.A.F. and on the Air Branch of the Royal Navy. But I also believe that Service aviation needs completely overhauling and re-orientating in the light of atomic bombs and guided missiles.

It is difficult to support this view in public because most of the relevant facts are kept secret by the Government. There is much more secrecy now than ever before in the world's history and it does prevent the public from acting as critic and check on the experts and on the Service staffs.



The Concordia, built by Cunliffe-Owen Aircraft, on a test flight. It is a 10-12 passenger aircraft which can also be used for freight carrying, and has a range of approximately 900 miles. Its detail design is notably advanced

The time has come when we must decide whether we are ready to put the fate of our defence system entirely in the hands of experts and senior Service officers, acting secretly and without their acts being subjected to a wider scrutiny and criticism.

Fed-up with Feeders

IT is most difficult to get rid of that ugly term "feeder aircraft" but I have given it up in favour of "tributary aircraft" which, although not good, is less ugly and as accurately descriptive.

Some French and Belgian writers have taken to referring to tributary aircraft as "berlines" which is a rather pleasant revival of an old term. A description of the de Havilland Dove as used by the Belgian company Sabena, for instance, is headed "La Berline Aérienne Aristocratique," a sub-title which really does the Dove justice.

To call a Dove a "feeder" aircraft is, I think, to

insult a gracious, technically advanced little machine.

But the term *berlin* in English refers to the covered carriage and would hardly be accepted for renovation and use in aviation. The matter is of some importance because Great Britain happens to be doing extremely well in the design and construction of tributary aircraft. There are, for instance, the Prince—derived from the Merganser—and the Concordia.

The Concordia is especially promising and the way the work on it has been pushed ahead deserves a special tribute. It is the first aeroplane I have ever heard of which has been so far ahead of schedule in making its first flight.

So let us try and get rid of that term "feeder" and, if we cannot think of anything better, adopt the term "tributary." Good work by British designers and manufacturers deserves a good name. Let us avoid confusing aviation and the gastro-intestinal tract.

Glider Aerobatics

NO answer has come to me about a query I put a short time ago concerning aerobatics in a sailplane. I have never flown a sailplane and know nothing of the special technique involved in soaring. But I have noticed that when pilots do aerobatics in a sailplane, those aerobatics do not conform to the canons laid down for power flying.

When sailplanes are looped, for instance, they rarely make a straight loop. Usually they swing somewhat as they reach the top and come out on a different line from that on which they entered the loop. Sometimes there is what almost looks like the beginning of a half-roll out.

What I want to know is whether this sort of side-loop or screw-thread loop is a sailplane aerobatic, or whether it is due to the limitations of no-engine aerobatics, or whether it is simply bad flying.

Presumably a sailplane is difficult to loop; but so are some power machines. I should welcome enlightenment on this point.

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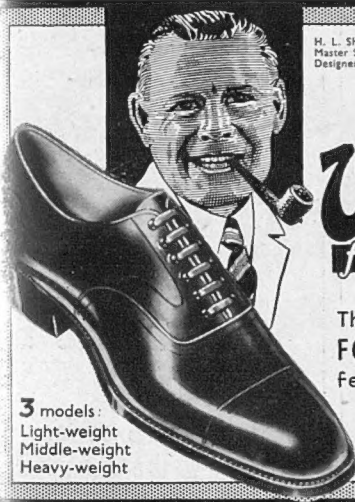
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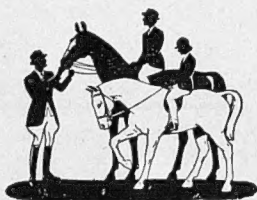
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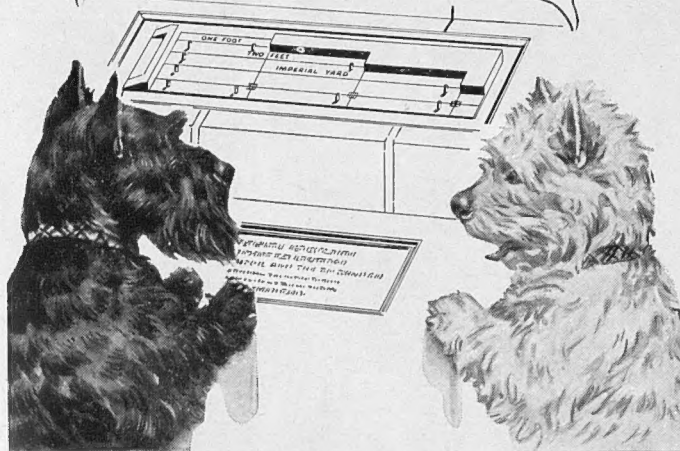
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Many more now have holidays with pay and naturally want to travel—

BUT

to enable coal to be saved for next winter the Government has ordered train services to be cut by 10% compared with last summer.

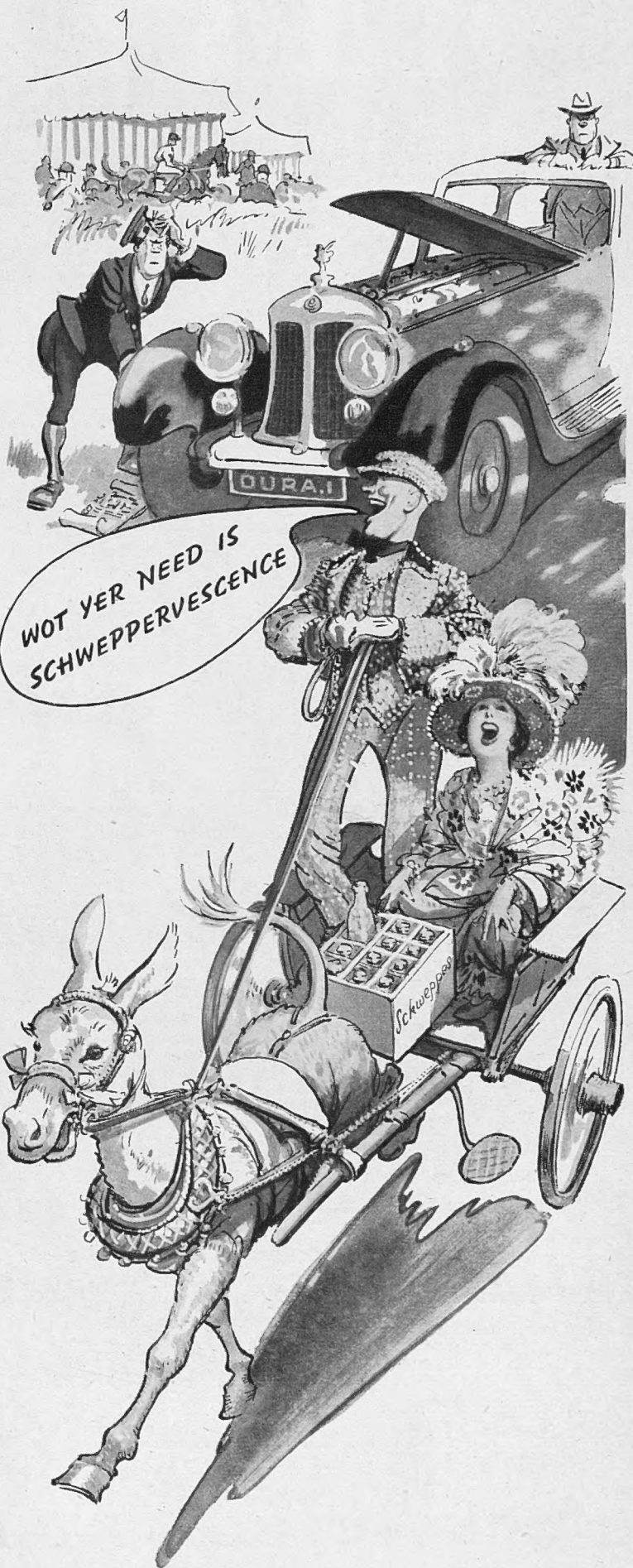
This makes it all the more necessary to avoid peak travel periods at week-ends whenever possible.

*Travel Mid-week
if you can*

GWR • LMS

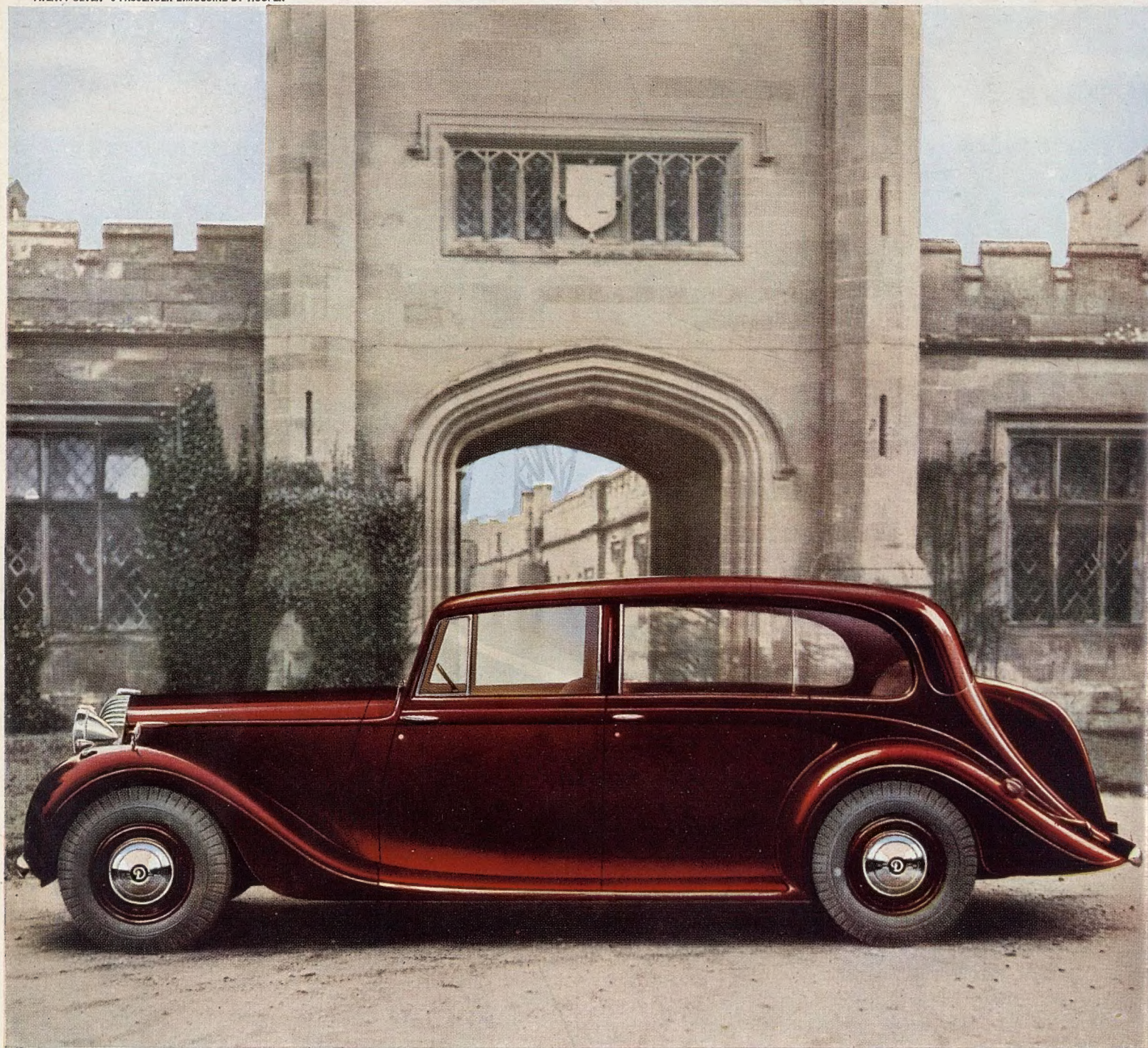


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